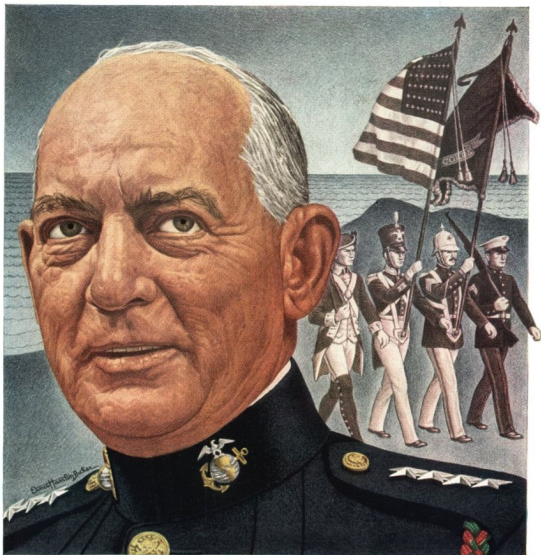


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MARINE COMMANDANT SHEPHERD

From the Halls of Montezuma to the ridges of Korea.



By sailing homebound on the LURLINE you keep an ancient rite: as you pass the beach at Waikiki, cast your lei to the seas toward Diamond Head, thus invoking legend's promise of return. Then, though thoughts may linger longingly on the fast receding shore, you'll discover Hawaii's charm still surrounds you. ☐ For the Lurline's a mid-ocean playland...spacious, sunwept, sparkling with life. With your vacation-made friends...shipboard parties, games, swimming, dancing...all have that exhilaration you experienced in Hawaii. Add your luxurious stateroom, the superb cuisine, the fun of ocean travel! You get a triple vacation when you visit Hawaii round trip on the LURLINE!

Matson Lines

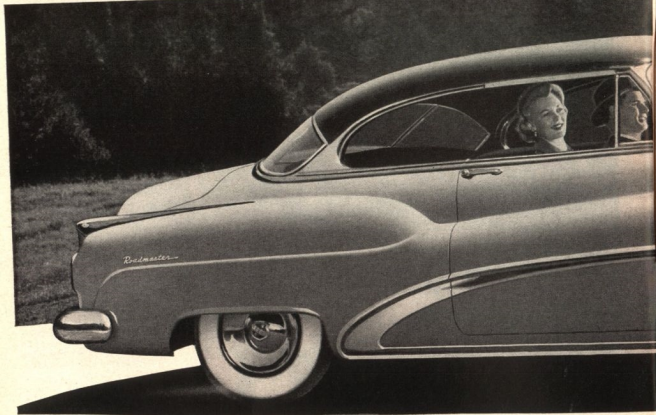
See your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines office:
New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland,
Los Angeles, San Diego, Honolulu

☆ To and from
HAWAII
on the
LURLINE



THE LURLINE SAILS FROM
SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES
ALTERNATELY

Make way for ADVENTURE



THE first time you open the throttle of this agile and eager beauty you're due for a host of happy sensations like nothing you've known in past driving experience.

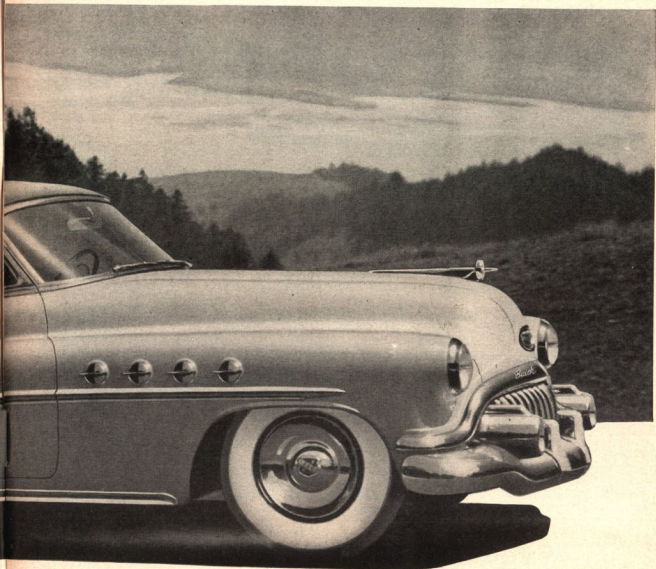
It's the sweep of its power — and the feeling that here is a car that knows what you want it to do.

It's the sense of command over something superbly fine — and the wonder

that anything of such substantial heft could seem so light under your hand.

It's the levelness of its ride — the silence of its performance — the proud way it takes the road — its sureness on curves.

We could name a long list of engineering explanations for what you'll discover in a ROADMASTER. The list



includes the mightiest Fireball 8 Engine in Buick history—a million dollar ride combining over a dozen expertly coordinated features—Dynaflow Drive—Power Steering.*

But no list can tell you the adventure that awaits your first moments behind the wheel.

That's something you need to discover for yourself—and any Buick dealer will gladly do the honors.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

*Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice. *Optional at extra cost on Roadmaster and Super only.*

Two great television events:
The TV Football Game of the Week, Saturday, November 29,
and Buick Circus Hour every fourth Tuesday.

Custom Built **ROADMASTER** by BUICK

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them



World Leader in Air Travel

B.O.A.C.

New York to
London

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Incomparable Stratocruiser Luxury!

The most distinguished first-class flights... Superb Double-Deck airliners... downstairs lounge... the finest meals, with cocktails, wine including champagne and liqueurs.

Bond Street Overnight Bag for every passenger.

Dressing rooms, full-size sleeper berths at only slight extra charge.

Exclusively yours on B.O.A.C.—the same flying skill which pioneered in the development of the world's first jet airliner.



TO:	ACTUAL FLYING TIME	
	Hours	Minutes
BAHRAIN	8	30
BANGKOK	17	30
BEIRUT	5	50
BOMBAY	13	45
CAIRO	5	45
CALCUTTA	14	20
COLOMBO	12	50
DELHI	12	00
ENTEBBE	17	40
JOHANNESBURG	12	00
KARACHI	11	10
KHARTOUM	8	55
LIVINGSTONE	15	45
RANGOON	16	10
ROME	2	25
SINGAPORE	20	15

Reservations through your travel agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami; in Canada: Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver

B.O.A.C.



LETTERS

The Election

Sir:
... Congrats and plaudits on your choice (and mine) for President. A great general—an even greater President.

STAN TIGERMAN

Norfolk, Va.

Sir:
Your precise comments on the election. "The Will of the People" are well put, elegantly stated. Would that Ike tear it out, tack it up, keep it in mind—always.

BILL FISHER

Milton, Pa.

Sir:
Now that Daddy Warbucks has been elected President, everything is going to be just dandy...

D. C. BROWN

West Newton, Mass.

Sir:
An independent voter who cast her ballot for Eisenhower, I feel very strongly on the advisability of a Cabinet post for Stevenson (and not one of the sop positions, either). Such an act would be not only a smart political move on the part of the President-elect, but also a great service to the country.

MARTHA TOBIN

Cortland, N.Y.

Sir:
... Since Mr. Stevenson will presently be unemployed, let us not waste his obvious

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TIME
November 24, 1952

Volume LX
Number 21

TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1952



"YOU MADE IT FOR ME, DADDY?"

Yes, he made it for Jimmy without any help... though one of his arms is artificial and the other seriously crippled.

He made the toy at the Liberty Mutual Rehabilitation Center. The doctors sent him there after months in the hospital, following an accident at work that mangled both of his arms. He didn't go to the Center to learn toy making; that was just the last part of a long course of training in the use of his arms. Now he has done a lot more: he has gone back to work and is earning a regular living again... supporting Jimmy and Mom and himself like any able-bodied man.

When a badly injured worker is rehabilitated, the greatest benefit is to the man himself, who is helped to return to normal living, and to his

family, who are assured of his support. But there are other gains. His employer benefits from the services of an experienced man, and from a reduction in insurance costs when disability is reduced. And the whole nation gains when a productive worker is returned to employment.

Rehabilitation is just one phase of

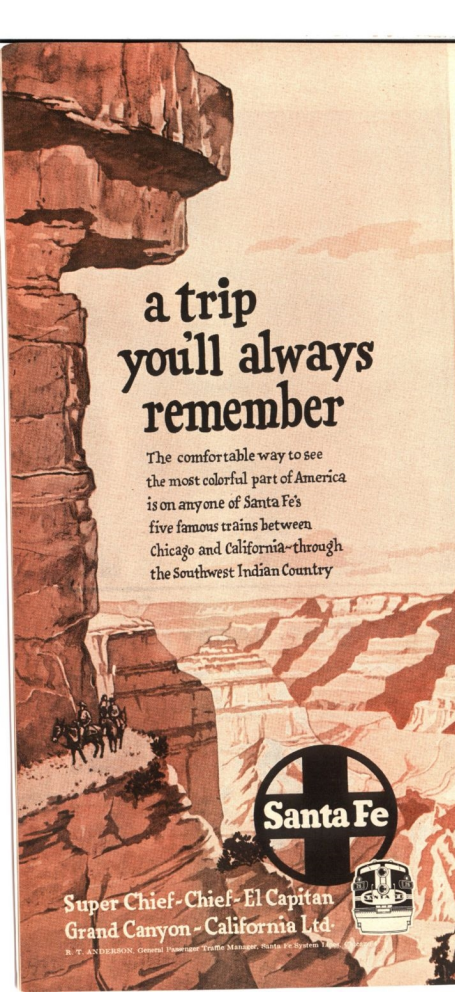
Liberty Mutual's Humanics program, which also includes Industrial Engineering and Hygiene to make working conditions safer, Industrial Preventive Medicine to help men and women work more effectively, and outstanding Claims Medical Service. Humanics brings together all activities for preventing accidents, and for reducing disability and loss when accidents occur.

Would you like to know how Humanics has helped other employers reduce the cost of Workmen's Compensation Insurance and increase production? Write for the booklet, "Humanics." Just look in your Telephone Directory for the nearest Liberty Mutual Office, or write to 175 Berkeley St., Boston 17, Mass.



★ Better Compensation Insurance Protection at Lower Cost through HUMANICS ★





a trip you'll always remember

The comfortable way to see
the most colorful part of America
is on anyone of Santa Fe's
five famous trains between
Chicago and California—through
the Southwest Indian Country



Santa Fe

**Super Chief—Chief—El Capitan
Grand Canyon—California Ltd.**

R. T. ANDERSON, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Inc., Chicago



talents. Would he not make an excellent president of Columbia University?
Millwood, Va. THEODORE BRADLEY

Sir:

I am wondering if the Republicans (I'm one), who are happy about the results, are giving sufficient credit to President Truman.

It occurs to me that the way Harry conducted his office in general and his campaign speeches in particular had more to do with the landslide than all other factors put together.

Huntington, N.Y.

H. CORWIN

Time & the Election

SIR:

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NOV. 10 ISSUE. IT WAS IN OUR HANDS IN LOS ANGELES LESS THAN 36 HOURS AFTER FINAL ELECTION RETURNS, AS A CHARTER SUBSCRIBER . . . THIS SPEEDY COVERAGE GIVES US THE BIGGEST THRILL OF ALL.

LOS ANGELES

H. G. LOTSPIECH

Sir:

TIME . . . undoubtedly prepared two covers for the post-election issue. What did the other one look like?

FRANK B. CUFF JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

Like the published cover, but with pictures of Stevenson and Sparkman.
—Ed.

The Egg & Adlai

Sir:

If TIME [Nov. 10] really regards as unhealthy the gap between the American intellectuals and the people, it could help reduce that gap by ceasing to refer to intellectuals as "eggheads."

The fact is that what TIME calls the "egg-head rebellion" was a perfectly understandable revolt on the part of intellectuals against Eisenhower's platitudinous, cliché-ridden campaign oratory and against his unprincipled embrace, "for the sake of party unity," of the most reactionary elements . . . TIME performs no service to anyone by implying that that revolt should be merely discounted as "the desertion of the eggheads." Why intellectuals turned from Ike could bear some study, less snide comments from TIME.

HOLLY MANKIEWITZ

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

Well, I'm sure happy to see we have 27 million intellectuals in America.

IRVING M. RACHLS

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

It was no surprising news to us eggheads that we have less influence than the clameheads over the blockheads.

Toledo, Ohio

ARTHUR L. JACOBS

Sir:

To remind your public that there is "a wide and unhealthy gap" between eggheads and the rest of America, and that correction should be made in the intellectuals, as I read your passage, rather than from, may I say so, but I find the insinuation that intellectuals are more likely, rather than less likely, to be wrong than non-intellectuals . . .

ROBERT VANDERBILT JR.

New York City

Sir:

... The people of our country apparently possess a wisdom not shared by the eggheads

TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1952

Whose millions of readers
have **BUY ON
THEIR MINDS?**

THEY'RE the 3½-million families who read *Better Homes & Gardens*—the *only* one of the three biggest man-woman magazines that screens all the readers it might get for the *BUY*-minded millions you want.

For *BH&G* contains nothing but news, notes and suggestions on things to try—things to *BUY*—a magazine edited strictly for *BUY*-minded wives and husbands with money in the bank—and an active desire to do something with it.

When these selected people get between the covers of *BH&G*, they're touring their favorite market place with their favorite counselor. Can you think of a more receptive atmosphere in which to advertise your brands?



Serving more than 3½-million
families—screened for the
BUY on their minds!

BH&G BUYOLOGICAL BRIEFS

More advertising dollars per issue were spent in *BH&G* than in any other magazine. (1st six months 1952.)

More dollars of advertising, more lines of advertising and more pages of advertising were placed in *BH&G* than in any other major monthly magazine. (1st six months of 1952.)

The most advertising dollars ever spent in a single issue of any magazine ever published were spent in the April, 1952 issue of *BH&G*. (And still true as this ad goes to press.)

MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa

Does
she know
of such
lightness in
luggage?

Hartmann
CARAVAN

... breath-takingly light!

Too new for her to know of yet, but
you'll know, when you see
and lift Hartmann Caravan,
that something amazing has
happened to luggage. The new
soft-panel design, while
subtracting weight, adds a
note of casual high-
fashion elegance.

PULLMAN CASE
for extra clothes on extra
long trips. In Country
Tweed, \$50. Other coverings,
\$70 to \$150.

All prices plus existing tax

POUDRE CASE
with overarm strap, in
Imported Belting
Leather, \$85. Other
coverings, from \$35.



Write for the name of
your nearest Hartmann Retailer

HARTMANN COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

O'NITE CASE
18-inch size, in
Country Tweed, \$38.50.
Other coverings,
\$50 to \$100.



MAYFAIR
dress-and-accessory
case. In Tan Linnette,
\$85. Other coverings,
\$55 to \$150.



whom I've long suspected of being eggheads
... Webster's defines an intellectual as one
... endowed with intellect; having un-
usual mental capacity." One would think that
such a person would also be possessed of
wisdom. Yet today's intellectual seems some-
what lacking in this respect.

E. R. POLK

San Antonio, Texas

Sir:

Grant that the eggheads have had their
shells cracked. Ike's trip to Korea may show
us who the yolk is on.

A frustrated junior egg.

PAT KELLEY

Columbia University
New York City

Princely Example

Sir:

Re your Nov. 3 review of *The Rebel Prince*: "Louis, my boy, never forget this. If you keep your backside flat on the ground, you cannot fall very far."

Our national economy (including capital and labor—but not the consumer) should dig this.

CHARLES OVERILL

Corona Del Mar, Calif.

Cummings & Goings On

Sir:

Your Nov. 3 personality piece on E. E. Cummings (no relation) proves the need for some sort of national subsidy for poets and writers. Otherwise where would E. E. be today, a man who couldn't earn his bread because he wouldn't sell his head ... As for E. E.'s remark that he's glad he's no longer young because his generation "had something to revolt against, the new generations have only anarchy," that is sheer nonsense. For one thing, we haven't got anarchy (which might have good points), but cold, dreary economic compulsion. For another, with the emphasis today on social conformity, rebels are sorely needed.

RIDGELY CUMMINGS

Hollywood, Calif.

Sir:

... One question to Mr. Cummings: What was your glorious ... generation fighting for? Was it not to create as you saw fit? Do you find this easy now, or were you just revolting for the sake of revolt? ... Why the preoccupation with the good old days? ... I find it much the same world you inhabited in your preface to *The Enormous Room* ... It's no easier now ...

PORTER TUCK

St. Tropez, France

Man of the Year?

Sir:

... Who else but Dwight Eisenhower?
THOMAS P. TURNER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

... A great loser, as he would have been a winner, Adlai Stevenson.

CALVIN FENTRESS

Deerfield, Mass.

Sir:

Without Whittaker Chambers there could not have been the clear indictment of Communism in government. With the people enlightened, Eisenhower became the spirit of the voter and his rejection of indecisive government.

Who else stood with such courage at the time Whittaker Chambers spoke? He was nearly alone—and being vindicated by the

TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1952



Great Day in the Morning!

THE great day is May Day, and the children are carrying their Queen o' the May in traditional procession through Elstow, the lovely English village where John Bunyan was born. A month later the *real* Queen will drive through London to her Coronation in Westminster Abbey. But that's another day, and there's much for you to see before then. A short distance east of Elstow you come to the university city of Cambridge, and thence to Constable's Suffolk and the rest of East Anglia. This smiling corner of England hasn't changed

much since the golden days of our first Elizabeth. The cottages are still thatched with straw, and the walls are gay with the old pink wash. The beer is good, the people friendly with strangers. Here the village bell-ringers still practice the ancient art of change-ringing, and of a Sunday evening you may be lucky enough to hear a Full Peal of Grandsire Triples or Kent Treble Bob Major. Yes, there is much to see in East Anglia in Coronation Year, when all England will be en fête—and Scotland, Northern Ireland, Wales. See your Travel Agent now.

For further information, see your Travel Agent or write British Travel Association, Box 2A, 336 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17

ANNOUNCING *the* Distinguished De Soto *for* 1953



THE FIRE DOME V-8 CLUB COUPE



Here is automotive design at its freshest and finest . . . with engineering at its most brilliant. Here is the new De Soto . . . the mighty 160 h.p. Fire Dome V-8 and the Powermaster 6 . . . with Power Braking, Full Power Steering, and Hydraulic No-Shift Driving. It's on display . . . NOW!

YOU can see right away it's a De Soto. It has all the distinction, strength and comfort that goes with the name. And now, every line has a sweeping new beauty. De Soto is longer, lower, lovelier than ever . . . from air-vent hood to jet tail lights . . . from one-piece panoramic windshield to wrap-around rear window.

And its performance matches its looks, whether you choose the famous Powermaster Six or the sensational

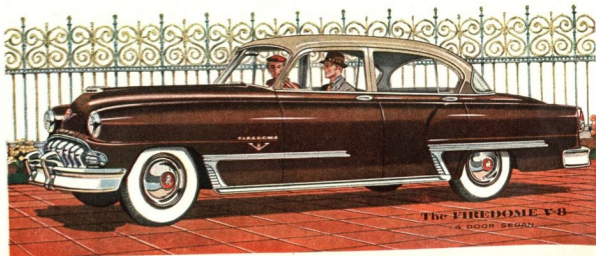
160 h.p. Fire Dome V-8 (*America's most powerful engine design!*). It offers you the magic of De Soto Full Power Steering, the greater ease and safety of Power Braking, plus the finest kind of No-Shift Driving.

Go and see this remarkable De Soto . . . now on display at your dealer's. Then drive it . . . for an unforgettable new motoring experience. You and your whole family will be thrilled! De Soto Division, Chrysler Corp.

DE SOTO



Famous for Fine Engineering



The FIRE DOME V-8
A DOOR SEDAN

American populace—may we suggest Chambers for Man of the Year?

Connorsville, Ind.

MARY RISCH

What About Lanny?

Sir:

You say: "Sironia, Texas is apparently the longest novel by an American writer ever to be published. Its 840,000 words . . . [TIME, Nov. 3]. Have you forgotten Lanny Budd, about 3,000,000 words? It is one novel, even though it was published in ten installments, with Volume 11 soon to come.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Monrovia, Calif.

Judaism & Zionism (Cont'd)

Sir:

Allow me to compliment you on your Nov. 3 article, "Anti-Zionist Judaism." It is high time that expression be given to the views of a great many Jewish people about the high-powered propaganda handed out by Zionist organizations. Our Gentile friends should be made aware that these groups do not speak for the Jewish people, although they arrogate to themselves the right to do so. Judaism is a religion, not a political creed . . .

EMIL HEIMAN

New York City

Sir:

The splendid article . . . was greatly appreciated. The objectives and accomplishments of the Council were correctly outlined . . .

WALTER S. GALESKI

American Council for Judaism
Richmond, Va.

Sir:

The "bitter opposition" you mention the Council's having received has by no means died down among the hundreds of thousands of Jews who take pride in the establishment of the first Jewish state in the last two thousand years, and whose devotion and self-sacrifice contributed so largely to the establishment of that state; the "angry voices have become quieter" not because the Council is getting any "serious attention" . . . but simply because all responsible and informed Jews are aware that the Council has been so decisively by-passed by the course of recent history . . .

LOUIS LIPSKY

Chairman

American Zionist Council
New York City

Sir:

There is to be congratulated on its clear, daring presentation of a subject usually evaded by other publications . . .

MARION R. EPSTEIN

New York City

Sir:

The American Council for Judaism has reared its ugly head again. This time, by presenting the Council's so-called "religion-versus-nationalism" tenets without bothering to really examine its personnel, TIME is inviting more Americans of Jewish faith to innocently enroll in its snobbish forces . . .

CHARLOTTE W. NAYFACH

Geneva, Switzerland

Sir:

. . . The Council deserves praise . . . It has courageously resisted the pressure of Zionist vilification and propaganda.

Having recovered from ardent Zionism after almost two years in Palestine, I recognize this certain fact: the welfare of the Jews depends entirely on their relation to the rest of mankind.

ERNEST B. MAINZER, M.D.

Mansfield, Ohio

TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1952

LEWYT

WORLD'S MOST MODERN VACUUM CLEANER



LISTEN... NO ROAR!

IT'S
QUIET...



FEEL THAT SUCTION!

IT'S
POWERFUL...

MOTHERS! NO DUST ESCAPES
FOR BABY TO BREATHE!



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as an excellent vacuum

Listed by Underwriters' Laboratories

NO DUST BAG TO EMPTY!

- **No muss! No fuss!** Simply toss out extra-big paper "Speed Sak" a few times a year!
- **No whining roar!** Peripheral-Silencer makes Lewyt quietest cleaner of all—by far!
- **Powerful over-size motor** plus Twin-Turbo Fan creates terrific suction, gets more embedded dirt!
- **Famous No. 80 Carpet Nozzle** with its automatic comb-valve and floating brush whisks up threads, lint, hair—all with less rug wear!
- **Cleans in 32-foot radius** from one outlet! Swivels from center of room for wall-to-wall cleaning! Light, compact—so easy to use!
- **Does every cleaning job!** Dusts blinds; sweeps floors; renews upholstery; sprays paint and wax—even de-moths closets!
- **Backed by written Guarantee** and 64 years of precision manufacturing! Video-Pak prevents radio-TV interference!
- **Complete with all attachments!** No extras to buy! No. 80 Carpet Nozzle; Dusting Brush; Crevice Tool; Floor and Wall Brush; Upholstery Nozzle; Power Sprayer and Moth Snufficator!
- **Greatest dollar-value!** No other cleaner has so many features and costs so little! See the Lewyt today! Nearest dealer is under "vacuum cleaners" in your phone book!



NO UNHEALTHY LEAKING DUST

Microscope tests prove Lewyt's Micro-Dust Filter System traps dust particles even smaller than 4/100,000 of an inch! No wonder hospitals and allergy-sufferers prefer the Lewyt!

DO IT WITH LEWYT

Stop at this Display for just 10 seconds, let your dealer show you the revolutionary advantages of the Lewyt Vacuum Cleaner! Discover how to cut house-cleaning time in half!



FREE! Write for colorful 16-page booklet "Home Cleaning Made Easy"!

LEWYT CORPORATION, Vacuum Cleaner Div., 82 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

He's doing business



... at your expense

The spider in our picture
symbolizes the freight cars that stand on sidings
beyond the free time provided for loading and unloading.
Such cars cost industry over 40 million dollars
in demurrage fees last year.

Here's the point we'd like to make: your Traffic Manager might show you how to save a lot of money here...if all departments give him the cooperation he needs.

One big cause of demurrage... according to one of the nation's top Traffic Managers...is lack of coordination between Purchasing and Traffic. Thus, when purchasing decides to buy up big shipments because the price is right...it often happens that the confusion and unloading costs, to say nothing of demurrage, will more than offset the original saving.

Demurrage means loss to carrier and shipper alike. Your Traffic executive knows it's poor

economy to use a freight car as a "warehouse on wheels". He knows, too, that because demurrage falls far short of compensating the railroad for loss of revenue on idle cars, he can count on their assistance in licking this cost problem.

But many companies have discovered that this is just not enough. They've found that to coordinate transportation intelligently, to cut shipping costs, their Traffic Manager should have the cooperation of every other department in the business. And they've found that to get this cooperation he needs complete recognition and authority from top management.



Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

TERMINAL TOWER, CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, as one of the great carriers of merchandise freight in the country, is vitally interested in any plan that will move more goods, more efficiently. That's why we sponsor this series of advertisements about the Traffic Manager and his job. The Traffic Man is management's answer to better and more economical movement of material.

Dixie—The paper cup everybody knows by name!

Here come the Jones kids for more **DIXIE CUPS** of ice cream... they collect the pictures on the lids!



They put these drink machines everywhere now that they use **DIXIE CUPS!**



Dixie
the greatest
name in paper cups

Dixie Cups are used everywhere...in offices...at soda fountains...in the home...in industry. Look for the name 'Dixie' on the cup. It assures you that it's a Dixie Cup.

Sure the service is faster... the boss got wise and changed to **DIXIE CUPS!**



Mommy threw away our bathroom glass... Now we all have clean **DIXIE CUPS!**



"Dixie" is a registered trade mark of the Dixie Cup Company. Original makers of the Paper Cup.

If it doesn't bear the name **DIXIE**—it isn't a **Dixie Cup**

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

We have just taken a close look at your 83,876 fellow readers of *TIME* in Europe, Africa and the Middle East, to learn more about them and the way they live. A sampling of 10,385 readers answered the questionnaires we sent, and many of them attached interesting letters about themselves.

A Danish reader, Paul Grene, who enclosed a picture of his very comfortable home, rashly extended an invitation to have *TIME* correspondents visit him. He wrote: "If one of your correspondents should happen to be in Denmark . . . and have a few days off, ask him to come over and see us. We have some pretty good fishing and shooting and a fairly comfortable spare room."

Being gracious hosts is apparently a well-entrenched habit among *TIME*'s Atlantic Edition readers. Answers to the questionnaire show that they entertain an average of twelve guests each month in their homes. Not a few of these guests must walk out with slightly thumbed copies of *TIME* under their arms, because about two out of five readers reported that they pass their copies on to relatives or friends. Another 13% give their used copies to libraries, clubs and hospitals. And three readers wrote us that they turn in their used copies at the newsstand.

Some other data on Atlantic Edition *TIME*-readers: their median age is 38 years.* Almost three out of four attended colleges or universities. Most are citizens of the countries in which



READER GRENE'S HOME
And a spare room.

they live; only one out of six is a U.S. citizen living abroad.

Atlantic Edition readers seem to have hobbies as diverse as the areas they live in. It is no surprise, of course, that travel is a favorite activity. Seven out of ten have traveled outside their own countries during the past year, and a similar number plan such travel for the coming year. A few letters described more unusual hobbies, such as one from Alfred H. Marsack, a British

senior political officer in the Aden Protectorate. In the past year, Marsack went to India, Ceylon, Malaya and Borneo to get color pictures of "fish, orchids, reptiles and headhunters for lecture purposes." He wrote: "I cannot get a daily newspaper where I am; if I could, it would not replace *TIME* . . . I always look forward to enjoying its contents from cover to cover, advertisements included."

More than half of the Atlantic Edition readers are in business and a third



READER MARSAK'S HOBBY
And headhunters.

are in professions. Of those in business, 25% are presidents, managing directors or officers of their companies, 12% are owners or partners, and 49% are department heads or technicians. A doctor in Tel Aviv, Israel wrote: "*TIME* has assumed in my life the place of a very beloved living being . . . I can hardly find—in a language which I have acquired only from books—the words of expressing the importance you have gained throughout this last decade . . . When, during certain periods, your paper could not be obtained, there was a void in our life, the world was shut out."

Of every 100 families who read the Atlantic Edition, 59 own refrigerators, 49 gas stoves, 41 electric stoves, 30 have electric washing machines, and 63 have vacuum cleaners. There are 140 radios, 87 autos and ten television sets among each 100 families, and 32 of the families have one or more dogs. Six of each 100 own a motorboat or yacht and one owns a private airplane.

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TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1952

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE PRESIDENCY

Zip Without Zing

Harry Truman's personal zip was still there, but suddenly the political zing was gone. His bearing was jaunty and his socks and ties were still as carefully matched as ever. He could still snap a decision, find time for a handshake with an old friend, or smile cheerfully for photographers at the inescapable White House ceremonies. But the truth was that Harry Truman, for the first time in anybody's memory, was just plain bored.

He hinted at his boredom when he told Connecticut's lame duck Senator Bill Benton that the presidential calendar was loaded with speaking engagements up to Jan. 20—and that he was sorry he had accepted so many. A few days later he failed to show up for a luncheon date with the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Then, on Armistice Day, he sent Navy Secretary Dan Kimball off to do the presidential honors at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. He canceled his regular press conference on the grounds that he had nothing to say, refused to let his press secretary chronicle the arrivals and departures of relatives and in-laws who are swooping down on the White House for an eleventh-hour visit.

The President did turn up at the National Press Club's Founders' Day party. He helped himself to a bourbon & water, dutifully watched the floor show. When the time came for a few presidential remarks, he said simply that he always has a good time at reporters' gatherings, although he can't say as much for his meetings with the publishers. He knows the Press Club and how it operates, said Truman, adding: The members do as they damn please—and so does Truman.

Then he manfully made a confession about election night, 1952. He went to bed early aboard his campaign train, he said, but woke up about midnight to listen to the radio. What had he heard? Harry Truman lapsed into his famous mimicry of Radio Commentator H. V. Kaltenborn. For four years Truman has regaled his friends with his imitation of Kaltenborn's broadcast on election night, 1948, when Kaltenborn was stubbornly insisting that Tom Dewey was winning. Now the President's zip was undiminished as he mimicked the 1952 Kaltenborn hailing an Eisenhower victory. Only this time, said Harry Truman with a wry grin, the old boy turned out to be right.

REPUBLICANS

On to Washington

As Ike Eisenhower's 13-day vacation at the Augusta National Golf Club drew to a close last week, Mamie Eisenhower measured the results with a wily eye. By week's end she knew that Ike was soaring out of a case of real post-campaign fatigue. He had taken on a deep new tan and recovered his old bounce. The veins that



Jensen—Chicago Daily News

stood out on his forehead and hands during the last days of the campaign were no longer visible. And, most convincing to any wife, Ike remembered Mamie's birthday (her 56th) with a pink wool robe and a nightgown.

One of Ike's obvious presidential qualifications was his ability to relax easily into relaxing routine. He got to bed every night—after a round of bridge—between 10 and 11 o'clock. He slept solidly until around 8 o'clock the next morning. He was eating man-sized meals (and letting others do the cooking), yet keeping his weight down with exercise. In mornings, at noon and in the evenings, he bantered and romped with his grandchildren, Dwight David, 4, and Anne, 3.

On two mornings he tried a few unsuccessful casts for bass in "Ike's pond," an artificial lake built at his suggestion on a visit in 1949. But Ike spent most of his time out on the golf course, dressed in flannel slacks, sport shirt and the Kelly green Augusta club jacket (its emblem: an outline of the U.S. with a red golf flag marking the location of Augusta). On two days when it rained, he played the

course carrying an umbrella. His game was improving steadily as his nerves relaxed. One day he broke 90 for the first time since last summer, and Ike bragged happily that he had outdistanced Golf Pro Byron Nelson with his drives on the second and tenth holes.

A Round Peg. Ike kept his business routine to a minimum. For two hours each morning, he went over the mail and dictated answers to his secretary, Mrs. Ann Whitman. After that, his two aides, Appointments Secretary Thomas Stephens and Press Secretary Jim Hagerty, briefed him on the morning news and the day's dilemmas. Confronted by a problem, Ike would think it over for a moment, his forefinger and thumb playing with the cap on his front tooth. Then he would spring from his chair, pace the floor and announce his decision in a quick sentence or two.

One morning he broke into his round of golf to greet New York's Governor Tom Dewey, who flew down en route to a Miami vacation for a conference "on Korea and other policy problems" (see below). Next day the principal guest was W. Walter Williams, the Seattle mortgage banker who ran the Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon during the campaign. One topic of discussion: How can the G.O.P. hang on to the interest and enthusiasm of the 2,000,000 members of the Citizens group, many of them independents or nominal Democrats?

Reporters asked Williams if the Citizens could be delivered intact into the Republican Party. "Impossible," he said. But Ike subsequently issued a statement hoping that the Citizens would work "within the framework of the Republican Party," which was taken as a signal that he did not want the Citizens to continue independent operations, between campaigns. Had Ike offered Williams a job in the Cabinet? They had talked Cabinet only "in a general way," said Williams cautiously. Then, under pressure, he confessed that he thought he might be regarded as a "round peg in a round hole" as Secretary of Commerce, but a "square peg" in Treasury.

A Shot from the Hip. By week's end Ike shook his head dolefully over the accumulating press of business. "Maybe I should have gone someplace on a boat," he said. But Mamie and the staff knew he was never better (he shot an 84 on Saturday) and actually was fretting to get on with his new job. On Sunday Ike and



DEWEY & EISENHOWER AT AUGUSTA
Present perfect, future indicative.

Associated Press

Mamie drove to the Reid Memorial Presbyterian Church in Augusta, heard the Rev. Massey Mott Heltzel, 37, attack the "diabolical Ku Klux Klan and night riders." After the sermon, Ike's eyes glinted as he shook hands with the Rev. Heltzel. "Thanks for the sermon," said Ike. "I liked that shooting from the hip."

This week Ike will move fast. After his triumphal entry into Washington and the "change-over" conference with Harry Truman,* he will head for Manhattan. There he has an appointment with Bob Taft and G.O.P. House Leader Joe Martin, and with his own personal advisers. Then, at an unannounced date, Ike will disappear into a curtain of military security for the flight to Korea.

For Emergency Only

Before he left New York last week for his conference with Ike Eisenhower in Georgia, Tom Dewey flatly took himself out of the running for a Cabinet job. Yet newsmen were still a little skeptical as they watched Ike and Dewey in close conference, on a stone bench overlooking the golf course, through most of one afternoon. Then a statement from Ike made it final: "Governor Dewey emphatically reaffirmed his purpose of continuing in his important post as governor of New York. This purpose, of course, precludes, at least for the present, any thought of requesting him to accept a post in the Federal Government."

But if Dewey had ruled himself out of the Cabinet, the phrase "for the present" seemed to mean that Ike was not ruling out the possibility of offering Dewey a Cabinet post sometime in the future. And

Dewey had clearly established himself as a top adviser in the new Administration. Said Ike: "He has promised to be available whenever necessary for consultation and advice and for any future work of an emergency or temporary character. In view of his great abilities and unusual experience . . . and because he is one of the Republican Party's outstanding leaders, Governor Dewey's availability is more than gratifying to me."

Advance Patrol

The Republicans' two-man advance patrol, wearing pin-stripe suits and noncommittal smiles, moved quietly into Washington last week.

First to appear was Detroit Banker Joseph Dodge, who presented himself to Budget Director Frederick Lawton and was assigned a big office in the Executive Office Building just two doors down the hall from Lawton's own quarters. There, Dodge took off his grey Homburg, grey suede gloves and dark blue overcoat and settled down behind a big desk on which he placed 1) a pile of celluloid calendars advertising his Detroit Bank, 2) a copy of the Republican platform (which calls for "reduction of expenditures by the elimination of waste and extravagance"). Then he got down to work looking over the voluminous drafts for Harry Truman's budget for fiscal 1954 (which begins next July 1).

By latest estimates, the budget—which must go to Congress just three days before Eisenhower is inaugurated—will call for expenditures of between \$80 and \$85 billion. Dodge (who emphasized that he was only "observing") is scanning the budget for soft spots, will make recommendations to Eisenhower on how and where it might be trimmed. He conferred with two men who have been doing the same kind of scanning for a long time—Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd and New

Hampshire's Styles Bridges. One Byrd suggestion as to where savings might be made: the huge (an estimated \$70 billion) unspent funds on hand mostly for defense purchases.

Meanwhile, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. settled down in his old Senate office in shirt-sleeves and white galluses and got to work briefing himself on military and diplomatic matters. While he worked, his aides started to pack his belongings (Lodge as a lame-duck Senator will have to move out in January). Lodge operated a good deal by phone, refused to say with whom he was planning to confer. A few Washington officials waited a little nervously for the phone to ring. Said Michael McDermott, State Department press officer: the department would be "completely at [Senator Lodge's] disposal."

More Than Orchid-Bearers

In Denver last August, Dwight Eisenhower said to a group of women campaign workers: "I'll tell you this, if the women don't get on the campaign train, I'm going to get off." The women responded by turning out in droves to work for Eisenhower, not only as orchid-bearers and stenographers, but as policymakers, strategists, speakers and doorbell ringers. Political reporters and politicians agree that the women's vote was an important factor in Ike's victory. By last week it was a good bet that Ike was giving careful consideration to the possibility of appointing some women to key posts in his Administration—not necessarily at the Cabinet level,* but not necessarily far below it. Among the leading prospects:

Mrs. Katherine G. Howard, the poised and pleasant G.O.P. national committee-woman from Reading, Mass., secretary of

* The only woman Cabinet member in U.S. history: Frances Perkins, F.D.R.'s Secretary of Labor for twelve years (1933-45).



James F. Coyne
CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
Cheers on TV.

* Although Franklin Roosevelt declined Herbert Hoover's invitation to joint action during the change-over in 1933, they did meet twice for face-to-face conferences, exchanged several letters, and their advisers were in continual contact.

the Republican National Committee and of the Chicago convention (whose most memorable appearance on television was the day she slipped off her shoes on the platform to ease her tired feet). A Republican worker for two decades, she came out for Ike before the convention, was in his campaign retinue from beginning to end as the only woman member on the top strategy committee.

Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, editor and executive vice president of the *Houston Post*, head of the Women's Army Corps during World War II, who announced for Ike four months before the political conventions, published a "political primer" which was instrumental in getting pro-Eisenhower Texans into the G.O.P. precinct conventions last spring. During the campaign, she headed the national Democrats-for-Eisenhower movement.

Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, playwright, author and onetime (1943-46) G.O.P. Representative from Connecticut, one of the earliest Eisenhower supporters, whose effective campaigning on radio and television won the cheers of the Eisenhower organization from Ike on down.

Mrs. Mary Lord of New York, member of Minnesota's Pillsbury flour family, the efficient and articulate co-chairman of the national Citizens-for-Eisenhower organization, a member of the Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services, and a familiar figure in New York City welfare work.

Mrs. Ivy Priest of Bountiful, Utah, chairman of the Republican National Committee's women's division. A worker in the G.O.P. ranks for 20 years, she has been a member of the national committee since 1944. She announced for Eisenhower before the convention, spent considerable time on the campaign train, has said she expects Ike to appoint women to some important posts.



OVETA CULP HOBBY
A primer in Texas.

Line of Succession

Though Ike Eisenhower's trip to Korea will be as safe as the Pentagon and Secret Service can make it, there are some who think the idea is still too risky. Shortly after the election, onetime Republican Presidential Candidate Alf Landon and onetime Democratic Secretary of War Harry Woodring issued a joint appeal for Ike to stay home for "the welfare" of the American people. The appeal was soon seconded by such jittery citizens as Walter Winchell and the editors of the pro-Stevenson *New York Post*. Behind the concern lies an unanswered question: Who would become President if anything happened to the man chosen by the voters?

Technically, Eisenhower will not become the President-elect until the Electoral College meets in state capitals on Dec. 15 to confirm the voters' choice.* If a President-elect dies after the Electoral College meets, but before his inaugural day, the Vice President-elect succeeds him. But what would happen if Eisenhower should die before the Electoral College meets?

There are two historical precedents, both somewhat academic because they involve defeated candidates. In the campaign of 1872 (won by the Republicans' Ulysses S. Grant), Candidate Horace Greeley, heading a ticket of Democrats and Liberal Republicans, died before the meeting of the Electoral College. Since the 66 electors pledged to Greeley were voting for a lost cause, they were left on their own. Three voted for the dead man, three spread their votes among other party leaders, 18 voted for their party's vice presidential candidate, B. Gratz Brown, and 42 gave their ballots to the governor of Indiana, Thomas A. Hendricks. In 1912, the Republicans' vice presidential nominee, James Sherman, died the Wednesday before election. There was no time to get his name off the ballot; after the election, the party's national committee chose Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, as Sherman's replacement. The eight Republican electors pledged to Sherman all voted for Butler.

In the case of the death of a winning candidate, the Republican National Committee, as empowered by its nominating convention, would pick another presidential candidate. The choice of the committeemen this year might be Vice President-designate Richard Nixon; more likely, it would be someone of more seasoning and stature and almost certainly it would be Senator Robert A. Taft.

* Six states (Alabama, California, Idaho, Massachusetts, Mississippi and Oregon) have laws instructing electors to vote for the candidate of their party; in the other 42 states, the law is less specific and electors are bound mainly by tradition. As recently as 1948, the tradition was flouted in one instance. Tennessee Elector Preston Parks, though chosen as a Democrat, claimed his constitutional privilege to vote as he pleased. He cast his ballot for States Rights J. Strom Thurmond, and it was so counted.



Associated Press
STEVENSON AT LA OSA
"Defeat is not a shot in the arm."

DEMOCRATS Into the Background

While the big cameras and spotlights followed the victor, the defeated candidate was quietly moving into the background. Last week, accompanied by Campaign Manager Wilson Wyatt and Administrative Assistant Carl McGowan and their wives, Adlai Stevenson left Springfield in a private plane and flew off to Tucson, Ariz. Stevenson's old friend Dick Jenkins, a rancher, greeted them at the airport; within a few minutes the party was driving south through the desert to Jenkins' La Osa ranch on the Mexican border.

There Adlai Stevenson was put up in a restored, 200-year-old building which had been converted from a church into a cottage. For the next five days he planned to sleep, lie in the sun, ride, play some tennis ("I'm also an ex-tennis player," he quipped), and hunt duck and deer across the border. When four reporters and two photographers showed up for a press conference two days after his arrival, he was asleep. They waited until he appeared, still looking a little drawn and weary, dressed in a five-gallon hat, sport shirt, blue jeans, brown loafers.

Gnawing on an apple as he talked, Stevenson affably reported that he felt "more rested than when I arrived, but I haven't had enough sleep." The three-month campaign for the presidency, said Stevenson, was not so strenuous as his ten-month campaign for governor of Illinois in 1948. But, he added, "defeat is not a shot in the arm." As for his and his party's future: "I should hope very much that the

Democratic Party will take a position of positive and intelligent opposition. To the extent that I can help make the party a useful instrument to the nation, I will be glad to do so."

Other than that, said Stevenson, he had no plans to announce until he finishes his job as governor of Illinois on Jan. 12. This week he flew back to Springfield to finish that job.

TRIALS

Case of the Buddhist Sergeant

When John David Provoo was six years old, he fell from the second-story porch of his home near San Francisco and fractured his skull on a concrete courtyard. The injury may or may not have permanently affected his brain, but for most of his life he has acted like an exceedingly odd duck.

When he was eleven, he became a devotee of Buddhism; later, a Buddhist priest taught young Provoo to read, write and speak Japanese. In 1940 he went to Japan to learn more about Buddhism, lived in a Buddhist monastery near Tokyo. Back in the U.S., he enlisted in the Army and was sent to the Philippines. Nothing in John Provoo's whole odd story was stranger than the tortuous trail which led him from a Japanese prison camp on Corregidor to a federal courtroom in New York's Foley Square, where he sat on trial last week for treason during wartime (maximum penalty: death).

In court, the prosecution produced witness after witness to back up its charges that Provoo (rhymes with "no boo") had committed a long series of "overt acts" against his fellow prisoners after the fall of the Philippines. As they told their stories, the grim old names—Corregidor, the Malinta Tunnel, the Death March of Bataan—evoked bitter, half-forgotten memories of the painful days of U.S. humiliation and defeat.

"Boss of Corregidor." The witnesses, most of them fellow prisoners of Provoo, pictured him swaggering about the prison cave on Corregidor with a riding crop, toying to the Japanese and terrorizing his fellow prisoners. As soon as the Japanese arrived, one witness testified, Provoo "made a deep bow" (the witness demonstrated it stiffly in court) and, in fluent Japanese, offered them his services. Thereafter, according to the witnesses' stories, Provoo worked for the Japanese as a combination of bully boy, informer and mess sergeant. He served them tea, provided them with liquor, whipped up three-layer cakes even in times of severe food shortages. Provoo called himself the "boss of Corregidor."

Provoo, said the witnesses, extorted cameras and other valuables from his fellow prisoners to pass them on to the Japanese, once knocked down a G.I. and stripped him of his boots because a Japanese officer said he wanted them. One retired U.S. colonel testified indignantly that Sergeant Provoo had yelled at him and other prisoners marching in a column: "All right, you guys, get over to this side."

Provoo tried, said other witnesses, to be even more Japanese than the Japanese themselves. They claimed that Provoo often said he hoped the Japanese would win the war, and that he called Emperor Hirohito "the essence of divinity." Corporal Robert Brown testified that Provoo hit him in the face because he did not know how to cook *tempura* (Japanese fried fish or shrimps) and declared that "all American women on Corregidor should be turned over to the Japanese for immoral purposes." Once, said Brown, he followed Provoo to the top of a hill where Provoo, clad in a shroud, "let out those wild Buddhist chants..."

Sunken Treasure. The most serious testimony against Provoo so far: that 1) he caused the death of a U.S. captain "who gave me some lip" by complaining to the Japanese, who executed him; 2) he tried to get a U.S. colonel to turn U.S. codes



Associated Press

JOHN DAVID PROVOO
An exceedingly odd duck.

over to the Japanese; 3) he beat up a U.S. sergeant in a vain effort to get information about a hoard of \$7,500,000 in silver which the U.S. Army had dumped into the sea rather than let it fall into Japanese hands.

One of the oddest aspects of the Provoo case is that in 1946, after he was liberated, the U.S. Army investigated him for eight months, found no proof that he had collaborated with the enemy, and discharged him honorably. After six weeks, he re-enlisted for a three-year hitch. In 1949, he was indicted. Provoo's defense will be chiefly that he was "driven to irrationality" by imprisonment, and that he acted under duress.

As witness after bitter witness testified against him, Provoo sat in court, writhing at the accusations. He was heard frequently to mutter curses under his breath—or possibly one of those wild Buddhist chants.

Assault by Leer

For the third time in 17 months, Mack Ingram, North Carolina Negro farmer, went on trial last week, charged with assaulting a 17-year-old tobacco grower's daughter, although he had not been within 50 feet of her at the time. In the first trial in recorder's court, Ingram explained that he had mistaken blue-jeaned Willa Jean Boswell for one of her brothers, had started to follow her across a cornfield to ask if he could borrow the family trailer. When she took fright and ran, he turned back to his car. The judge, acting on the basis of a North Carolina law that says assault can be committed even without physical contact, sentenced Ingram to two years in jail (TIME, July 23, 1951). Last November, Ingram's appeal went before a mixed jury (four Negroes, eight whites) in a state superior court; when two of the Negro jurors held out for acquittal, the court ordered a mistrial.

Last week an all-white jury in Yanceyville reviewed the evidence again. The tobacco grower's daughter, now married and the mother of a six-month-old child, insisted that Ingram had "leered" at her. The jury's verdict: guilty. The court's sentence: a suspended six-month jail term and five years' probation.

NEW YORK

The Rise of Three-Finger Brown

In the course of the Kefauver committee investigations, the U.S. public became well acquainted with the modern racket boss, a suave fellow who invests his money in the most respectable enterprises, patronizes a fashionable psychiatrist, and takes pains to meet all the best people. The first well-publicized specimen of this new breed of gangsters was New York's Frank Costello. Last week, with Costello safely tucked away in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary on a contempt rap, New York's four-man State Crime Commission opened public hearings in Manhattan, and soon flushed the man billed as Costello's heir, another sample of the new breed named Thomas Luchese (rhymes with "too lazy").

"An Agreeable Little Man." Until last week many New Yorkers had never heard of Tommy Luchese, a stocky, 32-year-old immigrant from Palermo, Sicily. Others knew him only as a prosperous, well-tailored manufacturer of ladies' coats and dresses, who lived in a ranch-type home on Long Island, had a daughter at Vassar and a son who had gone into the Air Force from West Point. He could always be counted on for a fat block of tickets to such eminently respectable affairs as the dinner for the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Fund. Socially he had impressed one federal judge as "an agreeable little man who rarely said anything."

Behind Luchese, however, lay an eventful career. His acquaintances included Costello, ex-Vice Lord Charles ("Lucky") Luciano (see INTERNATIONAL), and a host

of real, gun-toting hoods, among them "Trigger Mike" Coppola, Joe Stracci alias Joe Stretch, and Costello's man Friday, "Big Jim" O'Connell. Luchese was convicted of possession of a stolen automobile in 1922, but he managed to beat two arrests for murder, one for vagrancy and one for receiving stolen goods. It was while being fingerprinted during one of these brushes with the law that he got his alias. As a young man, Luchese had lost the index finger on his right hand in an accident. Noticing this, a detective suddenly remembered the Chicago Cubs' famed three-fingered pitcher, Mordecai Brown, and pinned on the new name: "Look who's in now—Three-Finger Brown."

Throughout the crime commission's first sessions, Luchese remained a shadowy figure, little more than a name, as the commission flailed away at an old but far from dead horse: underworld influence in Tammany Hall, the nerve center of Manhattan's ailing Democratic organization. Some of its findings:

Alfred L. Topfitz, onetime chief clerk of the New York City Board of Elections, admitted that he knew Luchese and was also acquainted with Costello, Coppola and "Little Augie" Pisano, but "never socialized with them." Asked how a \$7,500 salary could stretch to cover his expensive tastes (one pair of blue suede oxfords cost him \$100), Topfitz dabbed nervously at his palms with a paper handkerchief and replied that he occasionally won some money on the horses.

Francis X. Mancuso, former general sessions judge, crisply admitted to his longtime acquaintance with Costello and Luchese. His suave self-assurance unshaken, Mancuso also admitted that he had decided not to run again for leadership of an East Harlem assembly district after two local hoodlums had "advised" him to resign.

J. Daniel Neustein, another former district leader, testified that Tammanyites frequently referred to Costello as "the Boss." Neustein also said that when he expressed his ambition to become a judge, onetime Tammany Boss Clarence Neal told him: "Well, there's no reason why you can't if you pay for it like the other fellow. Your money is as good as his."

"I Wouldn't Say That." For most of the second day of its hearings, the crime commission concentrated its fire on Luchese. From Supervisor George White of the New England Division of the Bureau of Narcotics came testimony that Luchese was believed to have succeeded Costello as "coordinator of the narcotics rackets" and was, in effect, a policymaking chairman of the board of a nationwide dope ring.

Though he had attended the opening sessions as a spectator, Luchese did not show up the second day. As a substitute for Three-Finger himself, however, commission attorneys read portions of 600 pages of testimony which Luchese had given them in private hearings. He dodged direct answers to most questions. To a question on his financial affairs, Luchese

would give no answer at all. "Your grounds of not answering is that it will incriminate you?" he was asked. "I wouldn't say that," replied Luchese, "because I don't like to use that expression."

Evasive though it was on many subjects, Luchese's testimony nonetheless produced some surprising revelations. By his own statement, his acquaintances, social or otherwise, included Mayor Vincent Impellitteri, the late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia ("I used to talk with him like I was his son"), ex-Congressman Vito Marcantonio (who appointed Luchese's son to West Point), Myles J. Lane, the U.S. district attorney, Federal Judge Thomas Meaney, and Federal Judge Thomas Murphy, the man who prosecuted Alger Hiss. Also brought out during the reading of Luchese's testimony:

¶ His wide acquaintance among the city's narcotics peddlers. Under questioning,



Associated Press

TOMMY LUCHESE (1935)

A lot of people are nosing around.

Luchese replied with high indignation: "You get so disgusted you don't go any place any more. I say 'Gee, I still got to meet people like that.'"

¶ His failure to admit to four of his five arrests in his application for naturalization papers (he was granted citizenship in 1943).

A good part of the social rise of Three-Finger Brown proved to have been accomplished with the aid of tiny (5 ft., 118 lbs.) Armand Chankalian, administrative assistant to U.S. Attorney Lane. Chankalian testified that not until 1950 had he come to realize that his good friend, Tommy Luchese, had so lurid a past. Then, said Chankalian, he had told Luchese, "I introduced you to some very nice people, and I owe an obligation to them . . . I'm sorry, I can't see you any more . . ." Informed that his car had been seen in front of Luchese's home four times after he last admitted to having

seen his three-fingered friend, Chankalian was dumfounded. Said he: "I don't recall . . . why I should have been there."

This week the crime commission began focusing its attention on some of the less savory tricks of the politico's trade—the buying of judgeships, the salary kickback and the use of party funds as private bank accounts. The commission's shift in emphasis, however, was cold comfort to three-fingered Tommy Luchese. Agents of the FBI, the Internal Revenue Bureau, the Treasury Department's Narcotics Bureau, the New York state income tax division and the New York state parole board had all started nosing around in Tommy's past, and Attorney General James McGranery had begun proceedings to strip Luchese of his citizenship as a first move toward deportation.

THE ATOM

Into the Hydrogen Age

At dusk on a drowsy Sunday, reporters filed hurriedly past the guards at the Atomic Energy Commission building in Washington for a special announcement. The announcement was muffled in the AEC's usual cautious language, but its import was still overwhelming: the U.S. has succeeded in a test explosion of a hydrogen weapon in mid-Pacific.

The AEC's report amounted to official verification of a story told much better in scores of letters mailed home by members of the H-bomb task force (TIME, Nov. 17). The bomb (as the letter writers flatly called it) was loaded aboard a Navy ship at San Francisco under heavy guard. It was placed in a special compartment, the door was welded shut, and heavy chains were welded across the door.

The bomb was unloaded at a small island, about 35 miles from Eniwetok. Ships of the task force ringed the island at a radius of about 30 miles on the morning of the explosion. Zero hour was 7:15 a.m., Nov. 1. The men put on dark glasses, turned their backs and covered their eyes. Then the bomb exploded with the light of "at least ten suns," as a ship's navigator reported.

The letters from the task force were uncensored, and excited wives and parents passed many of them along to local newspapers. AEC Chairman Gordon Dean said that the letter-writing would be investigated, promising "possible disciplinary action or prosecution." But such talk sounded like bureaucratic door-locking after the story was out. The place to begin censorship was in the ships' mail rooms, and no such censorship was set up.

Mastery of the H-bomb meant that the U.S., in its search for ever more powerful weapons, had caught something of the secret of the sun's own power. It was the kind of event to date the beginning of a new era. But the men who watched the test—including a sailor who drew a diagram of the explosion in his letter (see NEWS IN PICTURES)—caught the meaning better than all of the headlines. They simply called the explosion "Lulu."

ARMED FORCES

The Sunday Punch

(See Cover)

The cold Korean night rang with silence. But in all the dark and unseen hills for unseen miles around lay thousands of hidden armed men, breathing, staring, listening, waiting. Once in a great while, far away in some high ravine, a machine gun pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-popped, and then stopped to hear its own echo. Thirteen U.S. Marines listened to it with odd gratitude as they felt their way, single file, through a black no man's land of paddy-fields. When the echoes died, they could hear nothing but the sound of their own breathing and the nerve-racking scuff of their own missteps.

They moved ahead cautiously in the

gretfully with his .45, but the second sergeant rolled backward down the hill with an astounded gasp, slugs in his arm, leg and belly. After that the night was noisy with gunfire.

The Marines sprayed the summit with automatic-carbine fire. Chinese on the ridge replied with burp guns. Amid the brush of the slope, Marines tumbled the bulky, bleeding form of the wounded sergeant on to a poncho and labored off in the darkness, a man hauling at each corner of the improvised litter. Bright, raucous mortar bursts followed along behind them. The bursts were short and above the din they heard a cheering sound—two alarmed Chinese patrols back on the ridge were busily trying to kill each other. The Marines reached their own lines safely by dawn. But it was,

placements, even if they are regulars, don't know what the Marine Corps means." A colonel who approved heartily of the Marine practice of bleeding troops in Korea was nevertheless horrified at one aspect of the war: "They're learning defensive measures!"

To many an officer of the First Division in Korea, actual service in the line often seemed less important than training exercises the division was running along the coast every time it managed to wheedle enough ships from the Navy: battalion-size assault landings calculated to extinguish the defensive heresies picked up in combat, and to remind troops of the appetite for headlong attack expected of them in their kind of war. The discouraging stalemates and attrition of Korea, in a word, had only whetted the most gleaming weapon the Marine Corps carries when it is panoplied for war: the quietly arrogant certainty that U.S. Marines are the world's best and noblest fighting men, that they always have been and always will be.

The Unique Breed. In a recent book on Korea, Marine Major Andrew Geer tried to describe the singularity of that unique breed: "Marines have a cynical approach to war. They believe in three things: liberty, payday and that when two Marines are together in a fight, one is being wasted . . . They are proud, sensitive and haughty to the point of boorishness with other military organizations. A Marine's concept of a perfect battle is to have other Marines on the right and left flanks, Marine aircraft overhead and Marine artillery and Naval gunfire backing them up."

That fierce pride in their own proud corps has carried the Marines through every major war in the nation's history and through 200 or more lesser battles in the past 177 years—a record of almost continuous action that has led them literally from the shores of Tripoli to the Halls of Montezuma and on to the ridges of Korea. That record is sustained by the soul-shaking rigors of Marine training that turns a shave-headed boot into a dedicated fighting man whose faith is in his rifle and whose religion is his corps. And it is nourished by the legendary heroes of the Marines' past: Commandant William Ward Burrows, who in 1800 ordered one Marine shavetail to redress an insult from a naval officer with his pistol; Brigadier General (now Congressman) James P. S. Devereux, the defender of Wake Island; General Thomas Holcomb, the father of the modern corps. The battle cry of a leathery Marine sergeant in World War I ("Come on, you sons of bitches. Do you want to live forever?") had its echoes two winters ago in Marine General O. P. Smith's description of the withdrawal from the Changjin Reservoir: "Retreat, hell. We're just advancing in a different direction."

As it celebrated its 177th anniversary last week (with stateside balls and pageants, with ceremonial "cake cuttings" in Marine messes everywhere), the corps



David Douglas Duncan—Life

FIRST MARINE DIVISION LEAVING CHANGJIN RESERVOIR

In the dark night, a smell of garlic.

gloom, and stopped, moved and stopped again. Ahead, a staff sergeant named Stanley Main crouched, groping gently for the trip wires of Chinese mines. He rose, went on, crouched again. Finally the paddies were behind. The ground rose. Trails thinned out. Brush materialized in the darkness. Then, ahead, dim against the glow of the sickly crescent moon, Sergeant Main made out the ridge he was seeking. Nine Marines fanned quietly out to establish a base of fire. Main, a second sergeant with a sub-machine-gun and two riflemen circled with infinite caution toward the top, sniffing like animals for the smell of garlic, the telltale odor of the Chinese soldier.

The Miserable War. A yard from the summit the two sergeants froze. Just ahead, almost within touching distance, a Chinese stood vaguely silhouetted against the dark sky. They tensed to tackle him; their mission was to bring back a prisoner. But in that split second, warned by smell or some faint sound, the Chinese touched the trigger of his burp gun. Main shot the prisoner-to-be instantly and re-

they agreed to a man, a miserable type of war for U.S. Marines.

Appetite for Attack. To the hard-bitten professionals of the First Marine Division, night patrols such as Sergeant Main led last week were refreshing enough as diversion and exercise. "We can keep those goonies guessing instead of having to guess all the time ourselves," said one red-faced, wearily scornful sergeant. But the whole idea of the static Korean front, the practice of patrolling and repatrolling the same ground, of feints with no big blow behind them, struck them all as most degrading work.

Many a Marine—from noncoms in the line to the Washington headquarters of General Lemuel Cornick Shepherd Jr., 20th Commandant of the Corps—had come to regard the Korean war not only as a frustrating mess, but as a downright dangerous and softening experience for new troops. "In World War II when you hit a rock," said one indignant master sergeant, "you knew that the enemy was getting your big punch. Here we are holding back. Kids who come up as re-



CAMP PENDLETON Rugged training center for Korea-bound Marines is the Corps' largest (200 sq. mi.) base, midway between Los Angeles and San Diego. Since July 1950, Pendleton has sent 85,000 men to the fighting front, with more than 2,000 replacements now following each month.

The base has 14 separate military establishments—eleven barracks areas and three combat conditioning tent camps—each with its own administration, recreation and mess facilities. Above: Camp Las Pulgas (The Fleas). There are scores of small

arms and high explosive ranges, infantry, tank and armored tractor maneuver grounds, plus mock combat villages like the realistic Korean-style buildings below.

Originally a Spanish land grant, the property was known as the Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores before the Marines acquired it ten years ago. The first troops to move in, the 9th Marines, were commanded by the present Corps commandant, General (then Colonel) Lem Shepherd. Today, Camp Pendleton's 44,000 population comprises replacement trainees, post personnel and the newly activated Third Marine Division.



Jack Birn



MARINES ON MANEUVERS, in Pendleton's dusty, sun-baked hills, wind along Basilone Road, named for one of Corps' heroes killed at Iwo Jima.

could boast a growing weight of material advantages as well as these inner fires of *elan*. In the years after World War II, it had parried the persistent attempts of Army brass (including Army Chief of Staff Dwight D. Eisenhower) to whittle the Marines down to units of regimental size. It had hotly argued with critics who maintained that the A-bomb put its amphibious specialty out of business. And finally, amid the Korean emergency, it had won the right to rebuild from its postwar nadir of 67,000 to a ceiling of 400,000 men, organized in three divisions and three Marine air wings.

"Decks" in the Desert. Last week, as always, stiff-starched Marines (who are as thoroughly drilled in neatness, military niceties and pride in their gaudy uniforms as in the techniques of battle) stood guard duty at legations, embassies, naval yards, naval air stations, naval storage depots in the U.S. and abroad, played their ancient role as soldiers aboard battleships, cruisers and carriers of the U.S. fleets.

But the modern Marine Corps, in its essential might, is a rigorously trained, rigorously disciplined, self-contained striking force. It is naval infantry by tradition; Marines still call a dugout's dirt floor a "deck," speak, even in deserts and mountains, of "coming aboard" and "breaking out" flags. But in the last analysis it is subject to a President's call for service anywhere, by any available transport. In 1952 the Marine Corps once more has foot soldiers enough—and the planes, tanks and artillery to support them—to think of itself without doubt or qualification as the nation's Sunday punch.

A battalion of Marines is afloat in the Mediterranean, ready for any fire alarm. A battalion of Marines has just completed Arctic exercises in Labrador—for no one knows where Marines might go next. Besides the First Division in Korea, the corps has two trained divisions, each with its air arm, waiting stateside for trouble—the Second at Camp Lejeune, N.C., the Third at Camp Pendleton (see color pages), Calif. Boot camps at Parris Island, S.C. and San Diego are hup-reeping steadily away at rebuilding civilian youths to the sunburned, stiff-backed Marine mold, and pumping them into the service.

As he works these days in his big, soft-carpeted office at Marine Headquarters, which stands symbolically above and aloof from the Pentagon, Marine Commandant Lem Shepherd takes a flinty satisfaction in the heft of the weapon at his hand. He has grown up with the "modern" Marine Corps and few of its officers have been so intimately involved in its struggles—both in the field and the congressional committee room.

Scientists & Shoe Factories. In many ways balding, bullet-scarred, 56-year-old Lemuel Shepherd is a stereotype of that curious (to civilian eyes) phenomenon, the modern American general. Like scores of his kind, Shepherd, in war or peace, must be part military man, part lobbyist,

and part public-relations man—never too busy to make a speech, receive a Congressman or hold a press conference. He draws his strength from appropriations. His divisions are irrevocably involved not only with scientists and arsenals, but with shoe factories and the New York garment district.

The general, however, is neither politician nor businessman. Turned loose amid the sharp-eyed denizens of the commercial world, he would probably perish miserably, the victim of his own rigid honesty, faith in his fellow man, and his instinct to command or be commanded. He is a man who is perfectly willing to be shot if logic or honor demands—or to order thousands to their deaths—and does not fall easily into compromise. Even



David Douglas Duncan—Life
GENERAL SHEPHERD IN KOREA
After the Chinese attack, one VIP.

Lem Shepherd's small eccentricities are uncompromisingly military.

He invariably drinks a cup of tea on rising and takes an icy shower immediately afterward. At his mess, grace is said before each meal. He insists that his shoes be coated with a combination of vaseline and boot polish at night, left fallow until morning and then polished vehemently for maximum glitter. He fondly hopes that Marine officers will once more take to carrying swagger sticks, and in the field he is never without his own oversized version, a polished length of Haitian Coco-macaque wood. His hobbies are muscular: riding, spear-fishing, fly-casting. A red-handled fly swatter reposes by his desk; few insects have profaned its orderly surface without becoming casualties of the U.S. Marine Corps.

His admirers in the corps invariably refer to him as a "real, old-fashioned Virginia gentleman." The phrase is trite but true—it is easy to visualize him in the grey of the Confederacy. With his quiet, tidewater accent, he has little of

the flamboyancy of such barnacled Marines as Holland ("Howlin' Mad") Smith, Lewis B. ("Chesty") Puller, and Graves ("The Big E") Erskine.

Marine Milestone. As the son of a prosperous physician in Norfolk, Va., Shepherd had few boyhood dreams of the military life. The family maintained a stable and so did many of their friends, who had farms in fashionably horsey Fauquier County. Lem just rode—and rode. He was sent to Virginia Military Institute because 1) he did not seem to have an aptitude for law (in which case he would automatically have been sent to the University of Virginia) and 2) V.M.I., in his family's eyes, was much better than West Point. Young Lem was a reluctant student; he graduated 34th in a class of 58, still a private in the cadet ranks.

But he shortly proved that he had vast aptitude as a soldier. He finished at V.M.I. in May 1917, volunteered for the Marine Corps, spent one month in training at Parris Island, and was shipped forthwith to France as a second lieutenant, to help erect—although he did not know it then—a milestone in Marine Corps history. Marines had fought in every sort of battle—as riflemen in the tops of sailing vessels, as landing parties and assault units against every sort of foe, from the British at Trenton and Princeton to the Boxers in Peking. But in France they fought for the first time as a brigade within an infantry division.

It was their luck to be teamed with the 2nd U.S. Infantry Division, whose commanders believed implicitly in the efficacy of headlong assault. That was the Marines' own traditional philosophy of battle: throwing the big punch, subjecting an enemy to constant pressure, risking big initial casualties in violent assault rather than submitting to a long, wearing attrition. Second Lieut. Shepherd, U.S.M.C., went into action as a platoon leader with the 5th Marine Regiment at Belleau Wood, was hit in the neck by a machine-gun slug, fought on with his men for three days and was hit again before he finally went to the rear.

He was back a month later as a company commander in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensive. He was wounded again. He came home a captain, wearing the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, the *Croix de guerre* and two silver stars—and found to his horror that he could not stay in the service as a regular without a thorough knowledge of naval artillery.

Sandino & Liberty Boats. He learned. He kept on learning in the years which followed—years in which the Marines at one point had fewer men than the New York City police force. As always, some Marines were in battle—fighting in the Nicaraguan hills against the rebel Sandino. Others were engaged in a momentous experiment—perfecting the techniques of amphibious assault, the technique that was to carry the Marines in World War II from Guadalcanal to Tokyo.

It was hard, often frustrating work. At

first, the Marines landed from a battleship's liberty boats, often in water over their heads because the coxswains refused to take the chance of scraping paint on the beach. But as time wore on, the first ramp-bow boats appeared, ancestor of the nautical monsters of World War II.

Shepherd served around the world, in the leatherneck tradition: in Europe, on battleships with the Pacific Fleet, in Haiti, in China. He served as aide to Major General John Lejeune, the man whom Shepherd has always taken as his model. Already a marked man in the corps, he put in more time than most near official Washington, both as student and teacher in Marine schools. By Dec. 7, 1941 both Shepherd and the Marines were ready.

In World War II he proved his capacity for high command as the Marines fought their way up the Central Pacific amid the deadly crash of island war: Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo Jima, Peleliu. Shepherd whipped the 9th Marine Regiment into combat shape, went ashore at Cape Gloucester as assistant commander of the famed First Division. He invaded Guam at the head of the First Provisional Marine Brigade. In the last months of the war, he fought 82 days across Okinawa with his last and biggest command, the Sixth Marine Division. After the war, Shepherd moved on to China, commanded the Marines at Tsingtao. He was chief of Fleet Marine Forces, Pacific, in the summer of 1950, when the wire came from Washington: the North Koreans had invaded South Korea.

In the first disorganized days of the Korean war, the Marines were ready again, and it was Lem Shepherd who bore the brunt of getting them into the hard-pressed Pusan perimeter. The decision to

take Inchon from the sea was General Douglas MacArthur's; the men who did the detailed planning were a little group of Marine officers, and the first troops ashore were from the First Marine Division, with Lem Shepherd landing in the fifth assault wave. When Chinese hordes threatened to engulf the Marines below the Yalu River, Shepherd flew to the Changjin Reservoir by helicopter to be with them. Recalls Army General Clark Ruffner: "When our troops were heading up toward the Yalu we had lots of VIPs. But when we got hit by those seven Chinese divisions . . . the only VIP we had was General Shepherd. And he was around all the time."

The Bayous of Strategy. As commandant for the past 10½ months Shepherd has demonstrated the same zestful appetite for keeping on top of the situation. Though Marines are traditionally content not to reason why, he has waded at least knee deep into the murky bayous of strategic thought; he is the first Marine to sit (although only in an advisory capacity) in the sacrosanct halls of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

As in the '20s and '30s, the Marine Corps is wrestling with many a problem of combat yet to come. In Korea they have already proved to their own satisfaction the benefits of armored vests, of close air support, and of helicopter lifts to front-line areas. Marine planners of 1952 are already using the whirlybird as at least a partial substitute for landing craft.

Last week in new "tri-philbious" landing exercises at Camp Lejeune, helicopters shuttled to and from an aircraft carrier in formations of six, and brought in 2,000 troops. The 'copter groups flopped in be-

hind theoretical enemy lines, disgorged their cargoes and were gone in less than 20 seconds. Many a Marine visualizes the day when a whole invading force might be shuttled ashore from scattered carriers, taking an enemy by surprise and eliminating the great clutter of small craft which is so vulnerable to atomic blast.

A bomb or not, nothing can deprive the corps of its pride in itself and its past, and its confidence that those are the best guarantees against an uncertain future. Explained a World War II platoon leader at Camp Lejeune last week: "The only way I can describe it is like this: I was in three actions in the Pacific. I never had to look behind me."

THE SUPREME COURT The Principal's Principle

One summer day in 1948 William C. Chance, an aging Negro high-school principal, got aboard an Atlantic Coast Line railway coach in Philadelphia, bound for his home in Parmele, N.C. When the train crossed into Virginia, the conductor asked Principal Chance to move into a Jim Crow car for the rest of his ride. Chance refused, was taken off the train at Emporia, Va., and arrested for disorderly conduct. He sued for \$5,000 damages.

Last week the U.S. Supreme Court agreed with his principle if not with his estimate of the damages. By refusing to review an appeals court verdict, the Supreme Court 1) awarded Chance \$55 damages, and 2) extended to railway coaches in interstate traffic the non-segregation ruling laid down for dining cars in 1950.

The decision left some loopholes still unplugged. The Atlantic Coast Line suggested that it may apply only to a Negro who gets on a train in the North, but not to one who gets aboard in a state requiring segregation. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People promptly promised a broader suit directed not only against Jim Crow cars in interstate transportation, but also against segregation in any public carrier, whether operating across state lines or not.

MANNERS & MORALS Troopers in Louisiana

New Orleans police last week rounded up the latest in teen-age gangs: a band of "Storm Troopers" who for weeks had annoyed the upper-bracket suburb of Metairie by smashing street lights, throwing rocks through train windows, and general hell-raising. They carried mimeographed membership cards, in English and crude German, adorned with swastikas and pictures of Adolf Hitler. In their headquarters, an abandoned store, police found 4,000 rounds of .22-caliber ammunition, some shotgun shells, 36 knives, a rifle and two air rifles. The group's *Führer* was 15. Said he: "I have information that Hitler is still alive in Argentina. I am going there to join him when I am 18." Said his mother: "I guess his imagination just ran away with him."



U.S. Marine Corps—Department of Defense
MARINES ENTERING MEXICO CITY (1847)

After 177 years, a fierce pride.

WAR IN ASIA

BATTLE OF KOREA

What Ike Faces

In Korea's hills, U.S. casualties were the heaviest in a year. According to the latest Pentagon figures, the U.S. is currently taking casualties at the rate of more than 1,000 a week (including some hundreds killed or permanently disabled). Since the truce talks began more than 16 months ago, the U.S. has suffered 44,700 casualties. In that time the battle line has moved hardly at all.

The Pentagon also announced that the U.S. Air Force has dropped more bombs in Korea than in the first two years after Pearl Harbor; the Navy and Marine air arms almost as many as in World War II from beginning to end. The Eighth Army has expended about the same weight of mortar and artillery shells as in the whole European theater during the eleven months from D-day to V-E day. And yet, during the Korean fighting, the enemy has grown not weaker, but stronger.

This is the situation which President-elect Dwight Eisenhower must shortly seek to change.

The method of ending a war which Old Soldier Eisenhower is likely to hear recommended by top officers in the Far East may not be simple to apply, but it is simple to state: it is to increase the military punishment of the enemy to the point at which he will consider the war unprofitable to himself, and call it off. The Communists have a way of liquidating militarily unprofitable campaigns. They did it in the Greek civil war when U.S.-Greek pressure (guided by U.S. General Van Fleet) had the Red guerrillas backed into a corner. The Reds called off the Berlin blockade when the U.S. airlift saved Berlin and cost the Communists too much in prestige.

With few exceptions (such as Mark Clark's dramatic air assaults on the North Korean power plants), the Truman Administration has rejected the pressure strategy in Korea, alleging its fear of "widening the war." But this hobbler phrase can be misleading. By implication, it calls up the idea of a vast jihad aimed at destroying Red China out of hand. Yet it need not, and this is where all the discussion during the election campaign got bogged. It is possible to keep the objective—an honorable and acceptable armistice in Korea—limited, while enlarging the means to reach that objective.

Dwight Eisenhower will probably be told by some advisers that increasing pressure on the enemy will "provoke" Russia into "starting World War III." Military men on the scene take it for granted that the enemy is already 100% hostile and that nothing can increase his hostility any further; that if he is lying quiet for the moment, it is for good strategic reasons of his own, not because he has been placated, appeased or otherwise put in a good humor.

MEN AT WAR

No Survivors

The big C-119 "Flying Boxcar," en route from Japan to Korea, had 44 men aboard: an Air Force crew of seven and 37 U.S. troops returning from "R & R" (rest & recreation) leave in Japan. Many of the soldiers had bought Christmas presents for their families and sweethearts.

Some 18 miles east of Seoul, the C-119 crashed against a 2,000-ft. peak. There were no survivors; the Air Force called it

ward toward Hanoi last week were scores of similar dumps testifying to the weight and seriousness of Communist General Giap's attack. It was a three-front fight: 1) in the mountainous jungles of the Black River country, where 10,000 Thais, Moroccans and Legionnaires held a 130-mile line against three Viet Minh divisions; 2) in the Red River valley, where a wedge of French armor, backed by 15,000 Vietnamese troops, linked up with French paratroops dropped in the enemy rear; 3) in the Hanoi delta, where Giap



SOUTH KOREAN WOUNDED
The enemy is already 100% hostile.

the "worst transport disaster" of the Korean war.⁶ In the litter of mangled flesh and metal, search parties found some of the presents—satin slippers, a woman's wristwatch, a pair of child's pink pajamas.

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

Three-Front Fight

In Indo-China one day last week, 2nd Lieut. Francis Marion, armored cavalryman of the Moroccan Spahis, was rolling along Route Coloniale 11 in his tank, far in advance of his column. "Return at once," ordered his superior officer by the radio. "Give me five minutes more," said Marion. In that five minutes the young French reservist uncovered a Communist arms dump: 200 tons of American, Chinese, Japanese, Czech and French weapons, including 1,000 rifles, 60 submachine guns, 22 machine guns, 51 bazookas, 114 mortars, and three Russian-made trucks. Jammed up on the roads leading south-

ward touched off a 40,000-man guerrilla attack to brake French momentum.

On the Black River, the Reds were using their old shock tactics: waves of expendables in sleeveless, padded green jackets shouting "*Hochiminh Muon Nam*" (Ho Chi Minh lives 1,000 years), throwing themselves on the French wire with bamboo Bangalore torpedoes and blasting a path for later waves. On the Red River front, Communist resistance, which had faded before the armor, was now reappearing in the rear and extended flanks of the French column, but the French drive itself threatened Thai Nguyen, the reputed Red capital, 44 miles north of Hanoi. In the flat, flooded delta, the brunt of guerrilla attack, directed at the Roman Catholic city of Phat Diem, was taken by Senegalese troops in bitter hand-to-hand fighting. French artillery and a daybreak attack by Hellicats and B-26 bombers came to the rescue of the Senegalese.

In Paris, army chiefs watched the battle with anxious eyes: the coming weeks would tell whether the biggest Communist drive in six years would end in the Communists' biggest defeat.

⁶ Next day an Air Force C-46 with 20 aboard crashed in the Sea of Japan. A fishing boat rescued seven; 13 were lost.

NEWS IN PICTURES

"LULU" (AS IT WAS CALLED OUT HERE)

THIS WAS ALL WHITE - JUST ONE HUGE CLOUD
IT WAS LIKE A GIANT ICE CREAM CONE - THE CLOUD ITSELF
WAS KIND OF ROUGH YET IT LOOKED SMOOTH - SOMETHING LIKE
CALIFLOWERS!

THIS WAS ORANGE AND WHITE

THIS WAS MOSTLY RED WITH A
LOT OF GRAY AND WHITE!

IT SEEMED AS IF THE CLOUD
WOULD GATHER POWER AND THEN SHOOT
UP ABOUT A MILE OR SO AND THEN
FORM ANOTHER CLOUD - FINALLY COMING
ALL OF IT TOGETHER IN A FINAL CLOUD.

THIS PART WAS ALL FLAME
THEN IT STARTED CHANGING EARTH UPWARD
AND QUAD GRAY!
FINALLY IT TURNED A BRILLIANT DARK

THE "SHOT" ISLAND

FIRST H-BOMB BLAST in the Marshall Islands looked like this to an excited sailor, who sent the sketch to his parents in Lima, Ohio.

The Lima News reported that five seconds after the explosion a 180-degree heat wave struck their informant, who was 30.4 miles away.

Associated Press



COMING-OF-AGE CEREMONY in Tokyo Palace, witnessed for the first time in 1,200 years by outsiders, saw Akihito, 18-year-old

Crown Prince, don the traditional cap of manhood before solemnly informing his imperial parents: "I am verily overwhelmed with joy."

European



ROYAL SCENE STEALING by Britain's gay Princess Anne, 2, enlivened the serious business of taking fourth-birthday pictures of

her brother, Heir Apparent Prince Charles, who had more fun playing hide & seek at Buckingham Palace birthday party (see **PEOPLE**).

Marcus Adams



CHAIN-REACTION CRASH on high-speed New Jersey Turnpike piled up 25 cars, although fog had already slowed tail-light followers.

Two-day toll on highway, used by both trucks and passenger cars: four dead (bringing year's total to 44), 44 injured and 63 wrecks.

Associated Press

INTERNATIONAL

UNITED NATIONS

Death of an Idealist

In his apartment overlooking Manhattan's Central Park, Abraham Feller sat nervously one morning last week, chatting with his wife. For two weeks he had been acting strangely, had even mentioned suicide. Mrs. Feller left him only momentarily to call the family doctor, then returned to the living room.

"I tried to cheer him up," she said later. "He was an idealist, and his whole life was devoted to the United Nations. He thought he wasn't doing his job well. He was a perfectionist."

Book on a Table. But before the doctor came, Abe Feller jumped to his feet. "It's no use," he cried. "The doctors can't help me!" He ran to the rear of the apartment. Mrs. Feller clung to him—first to his head, then to one arm, finally to one leg. While she struggled, Feller threw open a window. She screamed and cried. "Don't jump!" He broke away, and within seconds his body lay twelve stories below in an open cellarway.

Upstairs on a table in the Feller apartment lay a copy of a book Feller had written about the U.N. and dedicated to his 17-year-old daughter: "To Caroline and her generation." His own generation had been too much for Abe Feller.

Feller, a 47-year-old native New Yorker, was one of U.N.'s pioneers and one of its highest and most valuable officers. A lawyer who spent 15 years in teaching and in New Deal Government service, he joined the U.N. staff when it was being formed in London in 1946 as legal counsel and policy adviser to Secretary General Trygve Lie. A few weeks before his suicide, he had been made acting Assistant Secretary General.

Trials & Tribulations. Abe Feller, a tough-minded man who had long shown an abundance of intellectual and physical resiliency, had been working himself mercilessly, and he had grown progressively depressed in recent weeks over the trials & tribulations afflicting the U.N. He was worried about the U.N.'s inability to end the Korean war (he was one of the two U.N. officials who, on June 25, 1950, advised Secretary General Trygve Lie to advocate U.N. intervention). He was upset over Lie's resignation last week. But what depressed Feller most were the problems and pressures that had been laid on the U.N. in recent months by a Federal grand jury and the McCarran Senate subcommittee, in their investigation of subversive Americans on the U.N. Secretariat. Feller, under no suspicion himself, was the U.N.'s legal adviser on the subject. The hearings uncovered 17 among the 2,000 Americans on the U.N. staff who refused to say whether or not they have engaged in subversive activities.

Lie angrily charged that Abe Feller's suicide had been brought on by the extra strain of defending Americans at U.N.



LEO ROSENTHAL—FEX
ABRAHAM FELLER
"It's no use!"

against "indiscriminate smears and exaggerated charges." Senators McCarran, Willis Smith of North Carolina and James Eastland of Mississippi just as angrily called Lie's accusation "irresponsible," and promised to continue the inquiry.

Tale of Two Citizenships

Despite their anger over the way their U.S. host was peeking into the activities of Americans at U.N., the U.N. high command had to admit that some pretty startling creatures were still being found in the woodwork. The most startling of

all was Olga Michka, a slim, cold-eyed blonde of 33. Called before the Senators, she told a strange story of two citizenships. Her parents are both naturalized Americans who were born in Russia. Several years ago, she said, they had split over politics: her mother decided she preferred Soviet Russia, her father and brother maintained their loyalty to the U.S. "My mother always wanted to go back. Being close to her, I decided to go back with her."

She applied for a Soviet passport at the U.S.S.R. Embassy in Washington in 1939, but heard nothing from the Russians. In 1946 she went to work for U.N. as a \$3,500-a-year clerk-typist in the Russian section of the radio division (she spoke and wrote Russian). Three years later the Russians sent her a passport. "I took it for granted," she said, "that on receiving the Soviet passport I was a Soviet citizen."

She boasted to friends of her switch, but never notified the U.N. Not until the McCarran committee subpoenaed her did U.N. officials investigate the matter—and then they hastily suspended her on the technicality that she had fraudulently accepted reimbursements for U.S. taxes while contending that she was a Russian citizen.

"If the Soviet Union can make citizens by handing out passports promiscuously in the U.S.," growled Pat McCarran, "then the Congress will have to do something about it." But in Washington, State Department officials explained that Olga is still a U.S. citizen whether she likes it or not. To become a Russian, she would first have to leave the U.S. So far as the State Department is concerned, she can leave any time she pleases.

THE HIGH SEAS

Lucky & the Jolly Roger

In centuries past, the fear of pirates was always uppermost in the thoughts of Dutch merchant skippers sailing their heavy-laden East Indianmen along the coasts of Africa. No such grim foreboding clutched the heart of Johannes Van Delft, master of the tiny (265 tons) Dutch coaster *Combinatie*, as he put out of Tangier Harbor into the Strait of Gibraltar, bound for Malta, one day last month, laden with \$100,000 worth of U.S. cigarettes. It was the 20th century; the sky was blue overhead; ten kegs of good Holland beer were stowed below, to complement the vessel's small water supply, and the captain's own son, Cornelius, was in charge of her ancient but serviceable diesel engine. "We're going to have a fine trip," shouted Captain Van Delft down the engine-room hatch to Cornelius, and Cornelius agreed.

Late the following night, as the *Combinatie* churned her way through the Mediterranean about 15 miles off the coast of Spain, a loud crash jarred the



UNITED PRESS
OLGA MICHKA
Okoy to go.

darkness and the ship heeled dangerously. "Clumsy fishermen," grunted the captain. Before he could bring his ship to a stop, the door of the wheelhouse burst open and a crowd of hooded men shoved their way in, pointing submachine guns. One of them, speaking English, ordered the captain to sit on the floor. Another snapped handcuffs on him. Cornelius rushed up from the engine room. The pirates covered him as well. Then all the ship's officers and fore-castle hands, seven in all, were herded into an 8-ft.-by-10-ft. cabin in the bow. There was no toilet, little air, and before dawn the pirates painted the portholes black.

In the Dark. As the days went by, the prisoners, crammed in the filth and darkness of the fetid cabin, tried to make out what was going on overhead. One day they heard another boat come alongside. Several days later, they heard the anchor dropping. Later the ship got under way again. Still later, the *Combinatie* stopped again and another boat came alongside. On the twelfth day, the engines started again but there was no sound of scurry on the deck. Captain Van Delft shouted. There was no answer. He shouted again: no answer. At last, the prisoners were able to pry open the cabin skylight.

The captain held up a broken mirror as a periscope. The decks were deserted. One by one, the trapped men hauled themselves up to the deck. The captain raced to the wheelhouse and found the wheel lashed. The crew searched the ship. Everything that could be moved—the cargo, the crew's razors, even the ship's bill of health—had been taken by the vanished pirates. Only a chart, with the *Combinatie's* position marked on it, had been left. Cornelius' overworked diesel engine was wheezing at the point of death. The captain ordered a jury sail rigged from deck canvas and pointed his bow back to Tangier.

In the Dark. Skeptical at first, officials ashore were finally convinced, after three days' close questioning, that the story of piracy aboard the *Combinatie* was true, and the search for the culprits began. Last week, four members of the crew of a one-time British admiralty launch, the *Esme*, now owned by one Rue Wright, a Texan from Colorado City, were picked up in Tangier for questioning. Wright and his all-British crew (which was later released) claimed that the *Esme* herself had been a victim of piracy. She had, they said, been boarded at sea by a group of four Frenchmen and one American, and her crew forced at gunpoint to help in the maritime hijack.

"The whole business was so well organized," said one of the Britons, "that we'd rather not talk unless we are guaranteed safety. The line stretches from Chicago to Lucky Luciano in Naples, and it's really dangerous." His words echoed many a recent rumor to the effect that New York's ex-vice, deported to his native Italy in 1946, has hoisted the Jolly Roger to feed a European black market in American cigarettes.

COMMUNISTS

Hero A.W.O.L.

Willy Knoblauch was a model worker at the hot carbide furnaces of the Piesteritz nitrogen plant in Communist East Germany. The comrade leaders of the plant union liked Willy. But Willy did not care much for them.

When comrade leaders came to him one day last summer and offered to designate him an *Aktivist* (the East German equivalent of Russia's speedup *Stakhanovites*), Willy calmly replied, "Nein. There are better people here than me." The union leaders were astounded; after all, as an *Aktivist*, Willy would be entitled to a 10,000-mark bonus every month. They reported Willy's refusal to the Chemical Workers' Union in East Berlin. The union bosses shook their heads in admiration. Willy Knoblauch, they decided,



United Press

WILLY KNOBLAUCH

"I couldn't stand that circus."

should get even more than *Aktivist* honors. He should be made a Hero of Work.

Willy's fellow workers were overjoyed and a little envious that Willy would now have the Hero's privilege of borrowing 20,000 marks from the state, and be able to spend most of his time being exhibited as a patriot instead of tending the hot furnaces. But when the union men told Willy of the new honor, he astounded them again. "Nein," said he.

When comrade leaders say a man is a Hero of Work, he is a Hero of Work, period. One day last month, Willy Knoblauch got a telegram summoning him to East Berlin to a Heroes of Work Festival. He kissed his wife & two children goodbye and boarded a train for East Berlin.

Two days later, President Johannes Dieckmann of the lower house of the East German legislature stepped before a cheering throng to proclaim formally the East German Heroes of 1952. As the

names were called, the crowd turned expectantly toward the place of honor reserved for Heroes. The others were there, but not Willy.

At precisely that moment, Willy Knoblauch, a sleepy-eyed, well-built 40, was waiting in an examination room in West Berlin to register himself as a refugee from Communist Germany and to apply for sanctuary in the West. "I just couldn't stand that circus any longer," said he.

A few days later, his wife & children joined him. Frau Knoblauch brought a letter mailed to Willy by the East German Prime Minister himself. "May your example," it said, "lead ever broader circles of our people..."

WESTERN EUROPE

Might Without Military

Clad in a rumpled suit and a grubby mackintosh, stocky, tousle-haired Theodor Blank, who is West Germany's defense boss, looks nothing like the traditional great-coated, heel-clicking Prussian militarist. As secretary of the Miners' Union, he once told an Allied general: "I know you generals. You're the biggest trade union in the world, and if I had my way I wouldn't let anybody who served in the old German army back in."

After the embarrassing discovery of some Prussian-style thinking on his own staff, Herr Blank went on the radio to reassure everyone that he is determined to revive German might for the European Defense Community without reviving German militarism. Details:

¶ There will be no German general staff. The 40 general officers required to head Germany's proposed twelve divisions, two corps commands and supporting units (about 360,000 men) are to be picked not by the army but by a committee of "independent persons with democratic spirit." The choices will then be ratified by the Bonn cabinet and by the other five nations in EDC. Similar committees will select the remaining officers (250 colonels, 900 lieutenant colonels, 2,000 majors, 6,300 captains, 12,300 lieutenants), and "Parliament will have the last word."

¶ "This will be a citizens' army in uniform... We shall have no repetition of former German military training methods." Goose-stepping is out. Off duty, soldiers will be allowed to wear civilian clothing and will be required to salute only immediate superiors. (Formerly, an enlisted man entering a civilian restaurant had to salute every officer present and ask the highest-ranking for permission to eat there.) Civilian judges will participate in courts-martial and soldier-defendants will be free to choose their own lawyers and appeal their cases.

¶ Soldiers will get vocational training and be encouraged to vote. Says Blank: "Democracy can be defended only by democrats and freedom only by those who experience it themselves."

¶ Blank is careful not even to speak of German soldiers. He calls them "European soldiers of the German nation."

FOREIGN NEWS

SOUTH AFRICA

"Them or Us"

Sister Aidan, a 33-year-old Irish Dominican nun, and a physician set off in her tiny English car, to take baskets of food to her Negro patients in the rowdy South African city of East London. At the entrance to the segregated Negro "location"—a maze of tin-can shanties where every other baby dies at birth—she found herself in the midst of a bloody pitched battle between East London's white cops and a mob of tribesmen. The police had broken up an illegal Negro prayer meeting; the result was a race riot which blazed for seven hours. Unafraid, Sister Aidan (real name: Dr. Elsie Quinlan) drove through the police lines and greeted her Negro friends. Some of them tried to shield her, but a howling mob, chanting "Africa!" dragged her, unresisting, from her car, cut her throat, and burned her mutilated corpse.

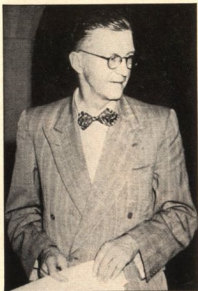
Next day, the riot over and perhaps scores of Africans killed,* white and black reacted sharply—anger among the whites, distress among the black moderates. James Njongwe, the handsome Negro physician who runs the Cape Province chapter of the African National Congress, sat, head in hands, lamenting the murder of Sister Aidan, who had been his classmate at Witwatersrand University. "I'll never forgive Swart," he said. Swart's ban on Negro gatherings preceded the riot. "If we leaders had been allowed to address our people, there'd have been no rioting," said Njongwe. "The government should issue an ultimatum," said one of East London's whites. "Hand over the murderers or we'll bomb the location to bits."

Combustion. The atmosphere was the same in most of Cape Province's polyglot cities. In the diamond town of Kimberley (pop. 75,000), the Negro location sprawls along the railroad tracks; white engineers sometimes scare off the matchstick-limbed Negro children who climb up on to the coaches begging for bread, by letting off gusts of scalding steam from their locomotives. A mob of Negro hoodlums spewed out of their beer halls, burning and pillaging saloons and municipal offices. Police killed 13. Earlier, in Port Elizabeth, four whites were murdered simply because they were whites. South Africans have often denounced the U.S. press for exaggerating the South African crisis. But Cape Town's *Cape Times* reported last week: "We are facing something very near a spontaneous combustion of our native people."

* Officially, police announced 9 dead, 30 wounded, but the actual death toll was considerably higher. Visitors to the location reported several dozen fresh graves dug in the location cemetery. Government officials pressed the cops to soft-pedal reports of Negro casualties. "Think what [Indian Delegate] Madama Pandit would do with the native death toll at the U.N.," Justice Minister Charles Swart explained.

Disobedience. Fear made the whites' reaction as volatile and unpredictably savage as the Negroes' wrath. "It's them or us," growled a Port Elizabeth cop. "A white skin now means death." Prime Minister Daniel Malan's Nationalist government sent army tanks and armored cars to patrol the highway between East London and Port Elizabeth; low-flying planes "exercised" over the "disaffected areas." In the cities, Boers and Britons alike queued up to buy guns; on the veld, Boer farmers organized rifle commandos, itched to "teach the Kaffirs a lesson they won't forget." "The time is coming," warned Labor Minister Ben Schoeman, "when our white women also must carry arms."

Malan's Nationalists blame the African



JUSTICE MINISTER SWART
White anger and black distress.

National Congress (A.N.C.) for the Negro bloodshed. They liken congress leaders to Kenya's Mau Mau terrorists, and accuse them of Communism. Actually, though there are Communists in A.N.C., such leaders as James Njongwe and Dr. James S. Moroka, the devoutly Christian president of A.N.C., owe far more to Gandhi than they do to Marx. Their policy, such as it is, is to protest *apartheid* (racial segregation) laws by a peaceful "civil disobedience" campaign, which they hope will catch the eye of the U.N.* Since the campaign started last June, 26,000 "passive resisters," black, half-white and brown, have been jailed for defying Jim Crow laws.

Desperately, James Njongwe pleaded

* U.S. Delegate Charles A. Sprague, onetime governor of Oregon, last week gave the U.S. position to the U.N. General Assembly: the question of racial discrimination in South Africa should be left to the "lively conscience" of South Africans.

for both sides to "get together round a table to find a peaceful solution." It is late for that, and the will seems to be lacking. Communist agitators now preach racial class war in the teeming black locations, and their influence is growing in direct proportion to the harshness of Malan's persecutions. Fortnight ago, Brian Bunting, a white Communist, got 80% of the votes in a Negro election in Western Cape Province.

Levitation. In his eagerness to put down the blacks, South Africa's God-fearing, intolerant Prime Minister Daniel Malan had pushed through a law making Parliament, and not the supreme court, the final arbiter of what is, or is not, constitutional. But in the five black-robed Boer judges of the supreme court, Malan last week met his match.

By unanimous decision, the court decided that "no legislative organ can perform an act of levitation and lift itself above its own powers." This, in effect, voided Prime Minister Malan's attempt to disenfranchise Cape Province's 48,000 half-caste voters by a simple majority in Parliament, and bluntly reaffirmed that the court is still tops.

Six months ago, the South African judges' bold rebuff to Malan's Jim Crow laws might have stopped him cold; now, with most of South Africa's 2,500,000 whites demanding more, not less *apartheid*, Malan is in position to go to the country for a new election and win the necessary two-thirds constitutional majority to do what he likes with anyone whose skin is not white.

GERMANY

A Much-Perplexed People

Are the Nazis coming back? Last week, commenting on West Germany's local elections, some foreign newsmen seemed to think they are. New York *Timesman* Drew Middleton, who has been making predictions of a Nazi revival for years, reported the specter of German fascism overhanging every ballot box. Bonn protested "splash headlines" and "one-sided reporting" by foreign correspondents. Conditions in Germany, said Konrad Adenauer's press chief, are "extraordinarily stable"; the election proved that both left and right extremists are "steadily sinking in numbers."

Actually, the election itself—a purely local scramble for 100,000 council seats—proved very little. Three facts stood out: 1) neo-Nazis and other right-wing radicals made gains, all of them proportionately small; 2) the established democratic parties—Konrad Adenauer's right-of-center coalition and the opposition Social Democrats—sturdily held their ground and their majorities; 3) the Communist vote diminished to 2.8%.

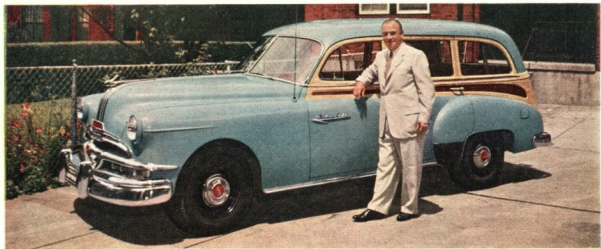
Good Old Days. Nazi gains were concentrated in the state of Lower Saxony, where unemployed and underfed refugees



"Since restoring this 1911 Oakland," writes David T. Davis of Cumberland, Md., "I've taken trips as long as 1,000 miles—but I only *average* about 2,000 miles a year, so I'm even more concerned about corrosion and rust *between* trips than about wear

during trips. That's why I always use new Gulfpride H.D."

Gulfpride H.D. can cut engine wear substantially. *Fourteen million miles of test driving* went into the development of this new *high detergency* motor oil for both *new and old cars*.



"As national president of a leading realtors' association, I roll up 20,000 miles a year," writes Pontiac-owner Tom McCaffrey, of Pittsburgh, Pa. "And I've found that the *lowest-priced* insurance against engine wear is the finest motor oil a man can buy. In my book, that means new Gulfpride H.D."

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1. LET'S SUPPOSE you've taken your seat on a DC-6 Mainliner. The door has been closed at departure time, and you may wonder what's going on in the pilot's compartment. The answer is a careful procedure followed by Mainliner flight crews before every flight.



2. YOUR MAINLINER Captain receives permission from the Control Tower to taxi to the end of a runway, where he pauses for pre-flight checks. This time is allowed for in your schedule, along with extra minutes in case he must wait for a landing plane.



3. BEFORE TAKE-OFF the First Officer, Flight Engineer and Captain perform a series of checks and inspections required by United Air Lines to make doubly sure of efficient operation. For example, you'll hear each of the engines being given a test run.



4. ON THIS "CHECK-OFF" DEVICE a list of items passes in view and is checked off with a challenge-and-response system. For example, the Engineer challenges "Controls," and the Captain, after testing, responds "Free." And so on until every item is in readiness.



5. CLEARED FOR TAKE-OFF by the Control Tower, your Mainliner is quickly aloft. You may think that the thoroughness and precision of this take-off were unusual. Actually, they're routine in every United flight—extra assurance of dependable travel for you.



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from Soviet Germany were attracted by the fierce Irredentism of men like Wilhelm Schepmann, onetime chief of staff of Hitler's Storm Troopers. For the first time since the war, the Nazis dared to campaign on the "good old days" of Hitler. "Germans, the best people on earth . . . are forced to live like animals," stormed Schepmann. "The Jew, as dictator of democracy, Bolshevism and the Vatican rules over you," read a swastika-stippled pamphlet.

But the Nazi propaganda got more attention in the foreign press than it did in Germany. Even in Lower Saxony, where a quirk in the voting laws gives each registered voter three separate votes, only four overt Nazis, one of them Schepmann, were elected to office. Of 18 million votes cast in West Germany, neo-Nazi and right-wing radicals netted about 1,800,000.

Longing for Power. Also apparent was a shift from the center to the right of Konrad Adenauer's three-party coalition. The Free Democratic Party (FDP), strongly nationalist, picked up more support than any other party; its show of strength, chiefly at the expense of Adenauer's own Christian Democrats, will probably ensure the nationalists a bigger say in German policy.

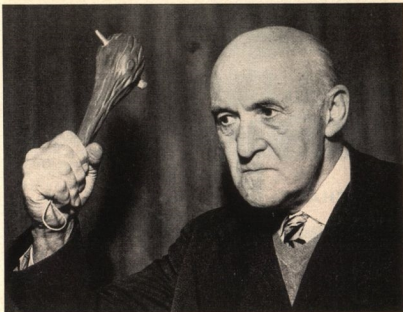
John J. McCloy, retired U.S. Commissioner for Germany, shrewdly assessed the possibilities of a Nazi comeback in his final report to the State Department, published last week. "It is hardly credible," wrote McCloy, "that [the Germans] would . . . again embrace a pseudo-philosophy which disgraced and degraded their fatherland . . . But they are, on the whole, not so keenly aware of the danger as those who suffered directly from Nazi evil. They are confused by charges which associate Nazi crimes with traditional German nationalism; they are tempted to justify the war and to blame the Allies for failing to understand that they were really fighting to defend the West . . . They are, in short, a much-perplexed people, trying to find their way out of a deeply disturbing and humiliating experience without loss of self-confidence and self-respect." McCloy's conclusion: "The all-prevailing power of the [Nazis] has left many former officials with a longing for a return to power. This element and the undercurrent of extreme nationalism . . . might form a combination willing again to set Germany off on another disastrous adventure. This is a possibility which cannot be ignored . . . but it has less chance, in my judgment, of recurring than at any time in recent German history."

Prisoner No. 713

Where is Dr. Walter Linse? Since July 8, West Berliners have never ceased to wonder, and to ask. On that day, on a West Berlin street, Dr. Linse was bludgeoned outside his home, then thrown into a taxi that roared into East Berlin, where he dropped from sight (TIME, July 21). A courageous anti-Communist economist, he is Western Europe's most prominent casualty of the cold war.

U.S. authorities sent protest notes to the Soviets; the Reds disdained to answer. U.S. High Commissioner Walter J. Donnelly appealed directly to his Soviet opposite number, General Vasily Chulikov and Chulikov's reply spoke blandly of "a certain Linse" as though he had never heard the name. Again and again, seven times in all, the U.S. repeated the question: Where is Dr. Linse?

Last week the answer became clear. The Russians, who have a great respect for the forms of diplomacy and a cynical contempt for its use, have imprisoned Linse under another name. This enabled them to say that they did not know—officially—of Linse's whereabouts. U.S. authorities now know Linse's prison name, and in what East Berlin jail he is held. Moreover,



TORY M.P. SIR WALDRON SMITHERS WITH TOY COSH
Think of the effect on the human head.

Associated Press

the U.S.-sponsored *Die Neue Zeitung* even published his prison number: 713.

West Berlin's Police Chief Johannes Stumm had set his best men on the case. Last week he reported that four men did the kidnaping, and that they were aided in the planning and execution by 13 other East Germans. All are members of a secret East German ring whose code name is *Weinmeister* (Winemaster), sponsored, directed and financed by the East German Ministry of State Security. They were paid 500 to 1,000 East marks for each kidnaping and allowed a profitable sideline: the black marketeering of cigarettes, silks and coffee.

Stumm offered 5,000 DM (\$1,190) reward for each of the kidnapers. He also announced the arrest of three minor accessories to the crime. One, described as the mistress of a ring member, had been caught just as she was plotting the abduction of another prominent anti-Communist.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Cat & the Birch

Beneath the impartial face of British Justice lies a streak of legal ruthlessness: through the centuries, Britons have found reasons for flogging people. Last week they were again debating the merits of the "cat" and the "birch."

In the 18th and early 19th centuries, flogging was prescribed 1) for anyone dunning an ambassador, 2) for a person slaughtering a horse without a license, 3) for any "incorrigible rogue," such as a man twice guilty of fortune telling or indecent exposure, 4) for pulling a gun in the presence of a sovereign. In the British army and in prisons, men were frequently sent to the "triangles" (the upright frame

upon which the offender was spread-eagled for flogging) for insubordination. Flogging was the punishment decreed 1) in 1863 for garroters and robbery with violence, 2) in 1898 for homosexuality, 3) in 1912 for white-slave trafficking, 4) in 1916 for armed robbery.

Bicycle Chain & Razors. The traditional instrument of punishment was the cat-o'-nine-tails, nine lashes of whipcord, each about 4-in. thick and 35 in. long, attached to a 20-in. handle. The cat was applied across the bare back—in recent times, in the presence of a doctor—after neck and kidneys had been protected against permanent injury. Maximum number of strokes for civilian offenders: 50. A milder alternative ordered by judges was the birch, a yard-long bundle of twigs, soaked in water and whacked across bare buttocks.

Four years ago the British Labor government abolished flogging. The curve of crime increase immediately flattened out, rose slightly in 1950, leveled off again in

CHANEL

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N° 5
BOIS DES ILES
GARDENIA
RUSSIA LEATHER
N° 22

CHANEL

1951. Now it is about to hit a new high. What disturbs Britons today is not crime incidence so much as crime violence. Said Earl Howe, in the House of Lords: "You can hardly pick up a newspaper without seeing some report of a case where . . . gangsters have [attacked] some inoffensive, defenseless person [with] a revolver, a cosh,* a bicycle chain, or a razor."

Added Lord Chief Justice Goddard: "The facility with which a razor blade can be hidden in the hand and used with the most horrible effect has to be seen to be believed. When someone lets a cosh fall on a bench in court . . . it makes one shudder to think of the effect of it on a human head." A longtime believer in corporal punishment, Judge Goddard asked for the return of the birch, which, when "laid on by a chief warder who knew his business, not only gave them a taste of something unpleasant, but led to considerable ridicule." Tory Lord Chancellor Simonds protested that Judge Goddard's proposal "would put the clock back 100 years." A newspaper poll of M.P.s showed opinion dividing on party lines: Conservatives for the birch; Labor against.

Socialism & Standards. Last week the discussion moved to the House of Commons, where Sir Waldron Smithers, Toriest of back-bench Tories, suddenly flourished a nail-spiked cosh. "It is not in order to bring an offensive weapon into the House," boomed the Speaker. "Take it out! Take it out!" shouted Labor members. But Smithers' cosh proved to be a child's toy made of hollow rubber. Said Smithers: "It is a sham, but by filling it with sand it can be made into a lethal weapon." Smithers asked for a ban on coshes. "The increase in violence," he said, "is the direct result of six years of Socialist and materialist philosophy in action. All moral standards are cracking."

At week's end Tory M.P. Eric Bullus announced that he would draft a bill for the restoration of the birch and possibly the cat, and 41 Tories formally requested a full debate on corporal punishment.

FRANCE

Money Talks

A few days before the Allied breakout from Normandy in World War II, a Vichy government train was chugging through central France. Its freight: ten billion French francs (then worth \$200 million) for the Bank of France in Limoges. At a tank stop the train was boarded by a gang of armed Maquis, who threw the moneybags into waiting trucks and disappeared into the night. When the Allies reached Limoges a few weeks later, they were feted by a bunch of exceptionally free-spending French partisans. Most free-handed of all was lusty, red-faced Colonel Georges Guingouin.

Guingouin, a Communist, was the hero of Limoges. Instead of attempting to liberate the city in a last-minute revolt against the Germans, as ordered by Communist underground leaders, he had wait-



Intercontinental
EXPULSED COMMUNIST GUINGOUIN
Three billion francs unaccounted for.

ed for the Germans to capitulate, thus avoiding reprisals against the populace (in a neighboring town, the Maquis moved in too soon; the Nazis killed 99 townspeople in reprisal). Guingouin was elected mayor, showered with medals, and his portrait was hung in the council chamber. Communist Party leaders appeared to overlook his disobedience, and even praised him. But Mayor Guingouin consistently dared to criticize the party's leadership. Early this year party leaders decided to crack down on him.

First with the Smear. He got ten weeks in which to confess publicly that he had erred in 1) not ordering the 1944 rising against the Germans, and 2) quarreling with party leaders. Snapped Guingouin: "When are they going to make their auto-criticism and admit their fundamental error?" The party leaders replied by firing him from all executive party jobs. Guingouin fought back with a stream of letters to Communist journals and a confidential memo saying party bureaucrats had "lost all touch with the working masses." He hinted that, if expelled from the party, he might tell all.

Last week the party expelled Guingouin, and, as usual, beat its victim to the smear. Said Communist *L'Echo du Centre*: "... For many years he [Guingouin] has been disposing of considerable sums, of indeterminate origin, under party control, which have been accumulated and hidden away in various secret places . . . The total of these clandestine deposits is many millions of francs." Although seven billion francs, seized in the train robbery, had been returned to the French government after liberation, a sum of three billion was still unaccounted for.

Who Owes Whom? *L'Echo* accused Guingouin of planning to use the hidden funds to launch a battle against the Communist Party. The money, he replied, belonged to the Resistance, and much of it

* Nineteenth century thieves' cant: a blackjack.



Norman
Rockwell

At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning that might well include a talk with your Massachusetts Mutual man.

Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Springfield, Massachusetts

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had been spent on a "fraternal association of former Maquis" and on publishing 10,000 copies of "documents of the Maquis." A further accounting was given by former Maquis Aide Paul Perret: "We have given 33 million francs to the Communist Party for the purchase of a vacation camp, six million more for buying another property destined for the repose of Communist big shots from Paris. It's the party that owes us money."

Said Georges Guingouin: "If I were in a 'Popular [i.e., Soviet style] Democracy,' I would have been liquidated already." But he is, he stoutly insisted, still a Communist at heart.

GREECE

Victory for Papagos

Six-and-a-half hours after the polls closed in Sunday's general election in Greece, Field Marshal Alexander Papagos was able to claim a landslide victory for his year-old, Gaullist-like Greek Rally Party. With 49% of the popular vote, the party will have 241 seats in the 300-member Parliament. It was the second greatest political victory in modern Greek history, matched only by the Liberal sweep in 1928. The Communists got 10% of the vote, but won not a single seat in Parliament.

Next day King Paul, who a year ago had refused to send for Field Marshal Papagos, though he had then won the largest vote, sent for him and appointed him Premier. The King and the 68-year-old general, who skillfully fought the Fascists in World War II and the Communists in 1949, were once friends and fell out; now the King was at least prepared to recognize that Papagos is the people's choice. The U.S. Embassy in Greece (where \$2 billion of U.S. aid has been distributed) hoped for a Papagos victory, but took no open part in the campaign.

JAPAN

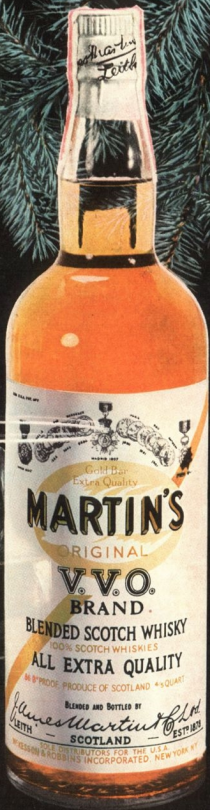
First Steps

In Tokyo, Foreign Minister Katsuo Okazaki and U.S. Ambassador Robert Murphy signed an agreement (already approved by Congress) transferring 50 U.S. landing craft and 18 frigates to Japan's Coastal Safety Force (embryo navy) on a five-year-loan basis. The news created hardly a ripple in either country, though in 1942 any U.S. serviceman in the Pacific would have been laughed down had he predicted such a turn of events in one decade.

Under the benign but urgent eye of the U.S., Japan is beginning to equip itself for defense. Japan's Safety Corps (embryo army) is training with U.S. Pershing tanks, bazookas, anti-aircraft guns, heavy mortars, howitzers. This force, which now musters 80,000 men, will have 110,000 effectives by year's end. The new Japanese air force will start training next month at Hamamatsu, 140 miles southwest of Tokyo. The nation has already started production of her first postwar airplane, the Tachibi R-52, a slow, low-powered trainer—but a beginning.

S.P.

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*Studebaker rounds out its first century
on the roadways of the world*



From wagon wheels to automobiles through 100 historic years

EVEN the Pony Express was eight years in the future, when America's first Studebaker swung upon the scene.

Gold had just been discovered in California—and two young Indiana blacksmiths named Henry and Clem Studebaker felt that people heading westward would need a lot of wagons.

How right their judgment was! America's most dynamic

period of expansion was about to begin. The little \$68 wagon shop the Studebaker brothers opened up in 1852 is now the world's fourth largest automotive vehicle manufacturing enterprise. It does a business of more than half a billion dollars a year.

These pages show some high spots of Studebaker's 100 years. But like a young redwood, Studebaker has only started growing.



1 The first Studebaker military order—100 wagons for the U. S. Army—The year was 1857 and "trouble" was brewing out on the western plains. Supply vehicles for United States troops were urgently needed. The little firm of H. & C. Studebaker was asked to build 100 military wagons in six months. They completed the contract in three months, thanks to a special kiln they devised for wood seasoning.



2 Presidents of the U. S. and potentates the world over drove in Studebaker carriages throughout the late 19th century and well into the 20th. President Theodore Roosevelt, and his predecessors in the White House back to Ulysses S. Grant, had impressive horse-drawn Studebakers for official state vehicles.



3 Studebaker's historic first "horseless" carriage was built in the year 1902. It was an electric, and Mr. F. W. Bles of Macon, Missouri, bought it. The second Studebaker electric went to Thomas A. Edison.



4 First gasoline powered Studebaker—a 1904 model—became the proud possession of Mr. H. D. Johnson of South Bend, Indiana. Public confidence in the organization behind them gave Studebaker automobiles quick acceptance.



5 In the gruelling Glidden and Munsey tours of the early 1900s Studebaker-built cars convincingly proved their superb stamina on the road. Studebakers won honor after honor against the most formidable competition of the time.



6 Ab Jenkins and other daring drivers wreathed Studebaker cars in glory in cross-continent runs and hill climbs during the 1920s. Over 100 A.A.A. records for endurance and reliability were established by Studebaker in a short span of time.



7 Night and day for 19 days and 18 nights, six Studebakers traveled around the famous old Atlantic City board track in 1928. Each Studebaker clicked off 30,000 consecutive miles in less than 27,000 consecutive minutes. Nothing made by man had ever gone so far so fast before. Such noted speedway champions as Ralph Hepburn, Harry Hartz, Ab Jenkins, Eddie Hearne and Jimmy Gleason piloted these and other great Studebaker performance stars.



8 A 1922 Studebaker traveled from Rio de Janeiro to New York in the 1930s with owner-driver Jose Mario Barone at the wheel. The Studebaker, a 124,000-mile veteran, was ferried over water en route when necessary.



9 Remember this? Studebaker engineers pushed a brand new sedan off a 104-foot cliff in 1934—Newsreel pictures showed the impact did remarkably little damage. The sturdy Studebaker was driven off under its own power.



10 Studebaker cars made history in two Indianapolis Speedway races prior to World War two—Each year, five Studebakers entered the 500-mile race—finished among the leaders—headlined Studebaker's "speedway stamina."



11 Studebaker Champion amazed America in "shake down" test in '39—This new low price car sped coast to coast and back at 27 1/4 miles per gallon—then ran 15,000 miles on Indianapolis Speedway in 14,511 minutes.



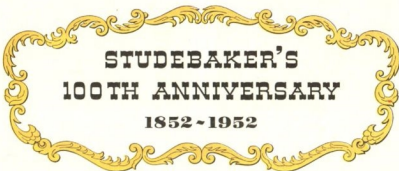
12 In Mobilgas Runs—and Gilmore Runs—Studebaker cars have consistently been leaders in gasoline mileage. These competitions—the great "thrill classics" of motoring—have been a succession of triumphs for Studebaker from 1931 through 1952.



13 The car that changed the face of modern motoring is this first postwar Studebaker. It made its bow in 1946, nine months after World War II ended—introduced changes that revolutionized all future car design.



14 The end of one eventful century—the beginning of another—and new chapters of achievement are being written in the Studebaker log book day by day. Studebaker styling and engineering spur the kind of progress every car buyer welcomes.





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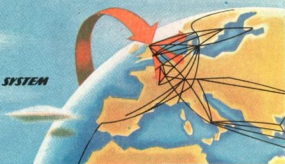
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THE HEMISPHERE

BRITISH WEST INDIES

Toward Nationhood

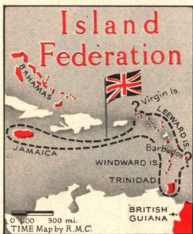
The picturesque West Indies colonies, once rich treasure islands fought over by the fleets of Nelson, Rodney and De Grasse, are now impoverished and decaying. Overpopulated, underfed, off the direct pathways of world trade, they have been kept going in recent years mainly by meager doles from the mother countries and rising U.S. tourist trade. Seeking ways out of their luckless predicament, some have suggested switching allegiance to the U.S., a few have talked of lining up with nearby independent countries, and others, defying harsh economic realities, have demanded immediate independence.

Last week, after years of such debate, a new hope rose for some of the backward Indies. In London, the Colonial Office announced that most of Britain's West Indian islands had agreed to federate. Next spring, delegates from the legislatures of Jamaica, Trinidad, the Leeward Islands and the Windward Islands will meet in London to draw up a charter. By the time they have settled on terms, Barbados, the British Virgin Islands and continental British Guiana and British Honduras may be ready to join in a federation of all British possessions in the Caribbean.

Though all of them have made progress toward self-rule, this was a big forward step for the British-governed colonies. With only foreign affairs, defense and certain economic matters reserved for London's control, their federation may have a status somewhat like that of the new Puerto Rican commonwealth under the U.S. flag, but with less autonomy than British dominions.

Jamaica, much the largest and richest of the present federating group, will provide more than half the federation's 2,400,000 population. But if all the colonies unite, total population will be about 4,500,000 (double Puerto Rico's). The larger mainland colonies, if they decide to join, have ample room for the surplus population of such overcrowded islands as Barbados (1,246 inhabitants per sq. mi.).

One big advantage of federation may be the customs union, facilitating freer trade for the sugar islands. Hopeful West Indians also believe that a larger economic unit is more likely to attract the outside capital so badly needed for further development. But for the region's politically dominant Afro-West Indians, the projected union probably represents less an effort to achieve economic betterment than to affirm a sort of nationhood that will erase the indignity of past slavery.



PERU

Rush for Oil

In nationalist-minded Latin America, foreign oil companies rarely get a chance at new concessions these days on any terms. But in Peru, "nationalist-but-realist" President Manuel Odría now offers new concessions to foreign companies on the handsome basis of a 50-50 profit split with the government. Last week, less than a month after it began to accept bids under the new oil law (TIME, March 24), Odría's Oil Bureau was swamped with some 300 claims by 15 foreign and domestic oil firms for more than 9,000,000 acres of concessions. Said Oil Bureau Director Fernando Noriega Calmet: "We have a real oil rush."

Almost all the applications are for areas

in the Secura desert, just south of the long-established north coast field at Talara (output: 33,000 bbls. a day). International Petroleum, a Canadian subsidiary of Standard Oil (N.J.) which operates Talara, is a major Secura bidder. Other foreign applicants: Peruvian Gulf, a subsidiary of Gulf Oil Corp.; Richmond Petroleum, subsidiary of Standard Oil Co. of California; Conorad, jointly owned by Continental Oil, Ohio Oil and Amerada Petroleum Corp., principal wildcatter in North Dakota's new and gushing Williston Basin. All of these except Peruvian Gulf have asked for both exploration and exploitation concessions, indicating that they think the oil is there and are ready to lay out considerable sums right away.

Thus far, however, the real rush has been to the Oil Bureau's map-lined Lima headquarters. There last week Director Noriega and his assistants pored over the rival claims, many of which overlap. Noriega hopes that his bureau can start handing out decisions by July. Then the rush to tap the new fields will really begin.

CANADA

The Handsome Dancer

*How then was the Devil dressed?
O, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches
were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail
came through.*

—Robert Southey

To give the Devil his due, he is a flashy dresser—if one can believe the folklore of the Quebec villages along the lower St.

Lawrence. Some of the villagers are sure, as their ancestors were before them, that they have met the Devil socially. To them he is *le Beau Danseur*—the Handsome Dancer.

The legend of the Handsome Dancer, one of the most persistent in Canadian folklore, first got into print in 1837; since then, countless people have passed it along as gospel truth. They were never actually present, it seemed, when the Handsome Dancer appeared, but they always had the story from a trusted friend who never missed a detail of manners, speech and bizarre costume. The Handsome Dancer has become one of the favorite characters of Ottawa's Dr. Marius Barbeau, the National Museum's famed folklorist.

Rum & Curaçao. In Dr. Barbeau's records, the most detailed account of the Dancer is that of his supposed appearance at a party given by the Moreau family of L'Islet County on a Saturday night in 1917. The Moreaus were entertaining on their



Ted Ingram, National Museum of Canada
THE DEVIL & FOOLISH FRIENDS
He whispered: "How pretty you are."



"Careful, Jerry, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

Old Smuggler BRAND

SCOTCH with a HISTORY

Q—Why do people say "Careful, don't waste a drop?"

A—Because the flavour of Old Smuggler is too precious to be wasted—and because it is so popular you may find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Q—Why is it called Old Smuggler?

A—Because in ancient days the thrifty Scots bought their finest whisky from the "smugglers."

Q—Why is it Scotch with a history?

A—Because it was established in 1835 and perpetuates a colorful era in Scottish history. Ask for Old Smuggler the next time and read the complete story on the back label on every bottle.

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small farm outside Cap Saint-Ignace for their son Pierre, who had been lumbering in the U.S. for three years. After dinner the guests drank deep of rum, curaçao and whisky, and the fiddler struck up a lively tune. "Let's dance," a guest proposed. Everyone remembered that the village priest had forbidden dancing, but Pierre's father winked at his wife and she laughed and said: "Why not? Pierre does not return home every day."

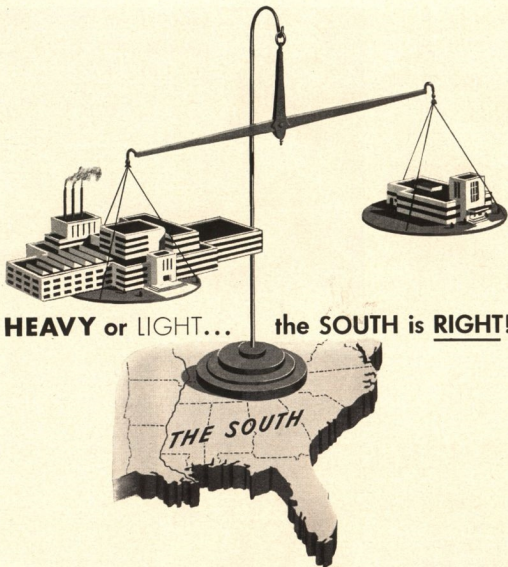
The party went on merrily until suddenly the dancers heard a horse stomping outside, and a voice shouting "Whoa!" Three knocks came on the door, and in swept a bearded young man with glowing black eyes. He was turned out in marten hat, beaver coat, and moccasins embroidered with porcupine quills and spangled with pearls of all colors. Bowing, he removed coat and hat with a flourish, but kept on his black kid gloves. To the pretty daughter of the house, vivacious Blanche, he bowed and said: "Mademoiselle, you are invited . . ."

Sulphur & Holy Water. While some of the guests went outside to see the new-comer's coach, which shone like a mirror and was drawn by a horse with flaming eyes, the stranger danced with Blanche, who trembled as he whispered: "How pretty you are!" Then they passed close to the Moreaus' two-year-old son, who shrieked, "Bru! Bru!" (Burn! Burn!). Seized with a dreadful presentiment, the mother dipped holy water and sprinkled the stranger. The Devil—for it was he—turned hideous, jumped to the ceiling, then ran right through the stone wall and vanished in a sulphurous pall. Outside, where the horse had stood, the snow was melted for 100 yards around.

Last week this hardy perennial among legends was revived and going the rounds again. In southern Quebec, villages buzzed with reports of the Dancer's latest appearance near Routhierville, Que. and Campbellton, N.B. The story was so widely talked about that Canadian Press noted the phenomenon and filed a dispatch from Ottawa on the latest news of the Handsome Dancer. This time, it appeared, he had worn white tie and tails, with white instead of black kid gloves.

Dollar Drop

The Canadian dollar, which rose in value above the U.S. dollar eight months ago and reached a high of \$1.04 (U.S.) in August, dropped back last week. It was quoted as low as \$1.01 in Toronto, and at some U.S. border points the two dollars were traded even, although a customer still had to put up \$1.02 to buy a Canadian dollar at a U.S. bank. Reason for the drop: 1) recent withdrawal of U.S. investments for profit-taking, 2) an increased demand for U.S. goods, which boosted Canada's imports above exports in September, and 3) the U.S. election. "All the Republican talk of economy," said one Canadian observer, "brought back confidence. Withdrawal of securities for profit reasons has been going on for some time . . . but the election undoubtedly speeded it up."



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The Southern Serves the South

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

During her latest fashion show in Paris, Designer **Elsa Schiaparelli** watched her picket-thin mannequins parade her creations, then cried, "Stop the show. Where are the bosoms? Where are the hips?" To illustrate, she took a jacket from a model and tried it on herself. When it failed to close across madam's own well-developed bust, she said: "See what I mean? Designers keep forgetting that women are females, human beings with legs, bosoms, hips. I am sick of the cardboard silhouette. I am tiring out the fills, the whalebones, the stiff bonnets, all that inhuman nonsense."

Royalty from all Scandinavia gathered in Stockholm to celebrate the 75th birthday of **King Gustaf Adolf** of Sweden. Among the special events: a gift contributed by his subjects, a check for 5,000,000 kroner (\$948,000), which the King said would be used to further Swedish culture; an all-Wagnerian concert by the Royal Court Orchestra, conducted, after shirt-sleeved rehearsals, by **King Frederik** of Denmark.

In the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, the still and stately changing of the guard began with the band playing *Barry Birthday to You* and *Teddy Bear's Picnic*. As far as the police was concerned, it was *Prince Charles's day*; there were no other engagements for papa & mama. After lunch, one of the



KING FREDERIK & ROYAL COURT ORCHESTRA
A conductor in shirt-sleeves.

AP Wirephoto

royal Dalmians took him for a 10-minute visit to his great-grandfather **Queen Mary**, seated in Marlborough House with a cold, then back to the palace and the big moment: blowing the candles and cutting cake for a dozen young friends. Along with the cakes were jellies and blismings (which the host refused to eat because they were "too slippery"). After tea in the gold-and-white ballroom, the party adjourned to Charles's favorite playground, the palace corridors, and his pet game, hide & seek.

Supreme Court Justice **Felix Frankfurter**, pioneer New Dealer who has long advocated retirement from the Supreme Bench at 70, celebrated his 75th birthday at a dinner party in Manhattan.

Presidential Aide Major General **Henry Vaughan**, looking for a job after Jan. 20, told friends in Milwaukee that he would be willing to serve as a director of some large corporation.

The House Un-American Activities Committee, continuing its search of Who's Who in the Communist world, quizzed Hollywood-Broadway writer **Abe** (*Guy and Dolls*) **Berrows**, 41, who freely admitted that he had furnished lyrics and piano accompaniment for many a Red gathering in England, but had never paid dues nor signed the card. Said he: "If [committees] said I was a Communist Party member he was probably telling the truth as he saw it. I was seen with them. I was around, but I wasn't one of the fellows." Berrows had been "pretty naïve," commented Committee member **Harold H. Vahle**. Said Berrows: "I'll go further than that. I'll say I was stupid. One-time Cinemascope **Karen** (*Scarface*) **Muskey**, with Manhattan's party-line 23-Congressman **Vito Marcantonio** along for the gold kid, was less naïve. She admitted that

she was 41 and that her real name was **Mildred Lincoln Voller**. But, 33 times when asked questions chiefly about Communist affiliation, she called on the Fifth Amendment and refused to answer.

In New Delhi, speaking to a convention of engineers, India's **Nehru** gave a description of his capital city that might well apply to Washington. Said he: "It is enervating sitting in this deadly, static atmosphere with people thinking only of pen, ink, papers and figures. That is why I get out of this place and go running about the country all the time."

The announcement that a swamp-valued Negro singer and a white deamster would be married this week sent excited cables crackling between New York, London and Holme, Ill. The singer: **Pearl** (*Trud*) **Bailey**, 34, a featured Broadway and nightclub star since the early 1940s, who divorced her third husband last spring. The prospective groom: **Louis Bellson Jr.**, 28, who worked his way up through name bands to his present job with Duke Ellington. The romance began two months ago in Washington, where Louis was playing and Pearl was singing in a nightclub nearby. Last week he drew in London with a wedding ring. Preceding him was a four-page cable to Pearl from Louis Bellson Sr., owner of a music shop in Molokai. Louis Sr., pleading with Pearl to drop the marriage, vowed to disinherit his son and forbid him to use the family name. At home he told reporters, "I have nothing against her race, but I think she should stay within her race. . . . I am in no mood to have a colored granddaughter." In London, Louis Jr. told reporters: "We're going ahead with our plans to marry at the Carillon Hall Registry, no matter what father says. We plan to raise four children, maybe more."



DESIGNER SCHIAPARELLI
A woman with hips.

AP Wire

don't be vague...



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Boner at Bonn

The first news that U.S. occupation authorities had of their boner was an indignant telegram from a German official: "WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?" Quite by chance, the German had picked up a new history textbook sponsored and financed by the High Commissioner's Office for use in the schools. It had taken little more than a glance to see that the \$47,600 *Synchronoptische Weltgeschichte* (translated Synchronoptic World History) was shot through with Communist propaganda.

Authors Arno and Anneliese Peters made no bones about it. Back in 446 B.C., they wrote, proletarian heroes were denouncing private property and the democratic state; and by 476 A.D. a splendid fellow named Masdak was proclaiming to his native Persia that "private property is the root of hatred and strife between men . . . the cause of all evil and bad. Communism is applied religion . . ." In 1492, of course, Columbus discovered America, but in the Peters book the founding of the Siberian town of Sibir rated as much space.

The Authors Peters also squeezed in some odd views on races and religions. They portrayed Judas as a "freedom fighter," who tried in vain to persuade Jesus to "join the revolution." As for Moses, he taught his people that they were "divinely chosen—a belief which later was to justify the claims of Jews and many other nations for world power."

Last week U.S. authorities at Bonn ruefully admitted that they had not checked into the Peterses' past before assigning them the book in 1950, that they did not realize that Arno Peters was a Communist Party member. To them, he was merely a former journalist who had come with "high endorsements from eminent German educators." John O. Riedl, then chief of the education branch, had seen no reason for not approving him. Meanwhile, 1,100 copies of the book had gone out to public reading rooms throughout West Germany, and Peters had run off a large printing of his own for sale in various towns. At week's end, the High Commissioner's Office was still wondering whether it would ever get all the books—or any of its \$47,600—back.

The Heretics' Guest

The Heretics Club of Oxford University, founded in 1948, exists for the sole purpose of providing a platform for free-thinkers, nonconformists, exotics and eccentrics. Even so, the guest speaker at the club last week was something out of the ordinary. Introduced as a lecturer on sociology at the University of London, Dr. Mahesh Helai, a learned-looking Turk with a slight beard and sideburns, had chosen as his topic: "The Pleasure of Opium Eating."

Before an audience of 75 eager Heretics, he talked learnedly for about an hour, peering myopically at his notes as he dis-

coursed on the advantages of eating opium. "I like it," said he, "and have done it quite often. One can consume it reasonably, with no ill effects, but . . . it should not be given to children under five . . ."

What About Hashish? When the lecture was over, Dr. Helai asked for questions. From both newsmen and Heretics came a barrage. What was the Buddhist attitude toward opium? What about hashish? Could the good Doctor provide a sample of opium? To the last question, Dr. Helai calmly replied that if the chairman of the meeting would examine the cigarette he had given him, he would find that it bore no manufacturer's mark. The dazed chairman took a nervous look at his cigarette and hastily scrunched it out.

Next day London newspapers were full



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of Dr. Helai. Not bothering to conceal their shock, they quoted him at length, and one carefully dusted its hands of his conclusions. Warned the *News Chronicle*, in an earnest footnote: "Doctors agree that opium eating or smoking is definitely harmful for Western people."

A day later the truth about Dr. Helai came out: he was a phony, who had never touched opium in his life. If his lecture proved anything at all, it proved just how far Oxonians will go to perpetrate a hoax.

How to Plot. The story began last spring, when two undergraduates, A. R. ("Tony") Thompson and David R. Jones, decided that Oxford needed a bang-up spoof. It had not really had one since after World War I, when an undergraduate posed as "the eminent Dr. Emil Busch" of Frankfurt and lectured on psychoanalysis. Thompson and Jones started their 1952 campaign by capturing the Heretics Club. They first joined as members, then worked their way up to positions as chair-

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man and organizing secretary. Without telling their 120 fellow Heretics what they were up to, they made up a list of guest speakers. Prominent on the list, of course, was Dr. Mahesh Helai of Turkey.

To play Dr. Helai, Thompson and Jones recruited Undergraduate Patrick Dromgoole of the University Dramatic Society. They prepared an elaborate set of notes for him, hired a professional from a London film studio to make him up. They browned his hands & face, pasted his sideburns on, tried in vain to mold him an appropriate putty nose. The whole process took so long that Dromgoole did not even have time to rehearse. With his unfamiliar notes clutched in his hand—but without his thick-lensed glasses—Dromgoole went forth to face his audience.

As he started to speak, Thompson and Jones waited anxiously, for sometimes the nearsighted Dromgoole seemed to be straying wildly from his notes. For long stretches at a time, he would blurt out fanciful ad libs ("I thought he would never stop," says Thompson). And then there was that terrible moment when he was asked about hashish ("He had obviously never heard of it!"). At another time, after reading, "Some medical people will tell you that opium makes your pupils small," Dromgoole apparently could find only a blank in his notes. But even in this crisis, the Heretics sat transfixed. "So what?" said the amazing Dr. Helai. "I like small pupils."

Mrs. Yale

When Novelist John Hersey (Yale '36) wrote his 15-year class report (*TIME*, Sept. 8), he proved one thing about Yalemen: they are successful often to the point of glamour. But what about their wives? To answer that question, the Yale *Alumni Magazine* commissioned Agnes Rogers, an editor of the *Reader's Digest* and wife of Frederick Lewis (*Only Yesterday*) Allen* of *Harper's Magazine*, to dip into the record of the class of '37. Last week, Editor Rogers submitted her report: Mrs. Yale, she found, looks less glamorous in statistics, but she has seen her duty and she does it.

Though three out of four of the group questioned went to college, scarcely one of them now has the time to display her learning. Today, at 35, Mrs. Median Yale has 2.3 children, puts in a good ten hours a day at her housework. She is apparently allowed only one part-time maid one day a week, spends a modest \$325 a year for her clothes and \$40 more for "personal beautification." Politically, she is apt to be Republican, usually voting just the way her husband does. In whatever spare time she has, she gets through about twelve books a year.

Concludes Editor Rogers: "To one who recalls the long feminist battle over the right of a woman to 'lead her own life,' it is remarkable to find such an intelligent and lively group... embracing so nearly unanimously a modern version of the pre-feminist pattern."

* Harvard '12.



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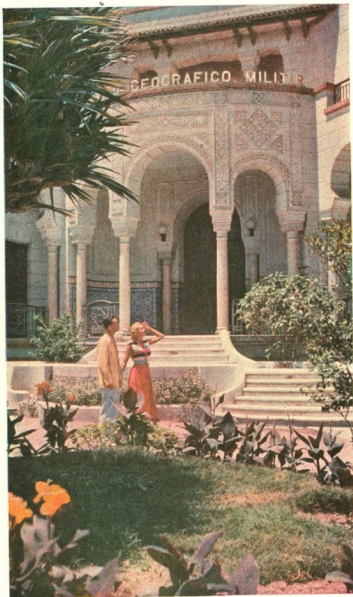
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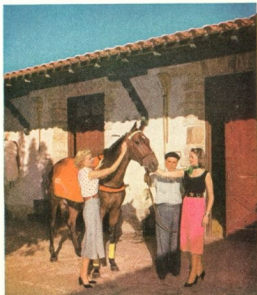


You'll find it hard to believe that you're not in Switzerland when you visit the Lake District south of Santiago, Chile. The scenery is magnificent. We spent 12 days—saw 6 great lakes. Another reason why we flew was to be sure to have time to see this much-talked-about part of South America.



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Met's First Week

"A major miracle," cracked *Variety*, and more sedate critics generally agreed: for once, the bejeweled opening-night audience at the Metropolitan Opera actually seemed more interested in the opera than in itself. The reason, as *Variety* reported, was that the company had "put its best tonsil forward." The chosen 4,000—who had paid a record \$59,961 admission, with orchestra seats at \$30—heard as fine a *Forza del Destino* as modern Metgoers could remember.

The critics ladled out the praise generously to the cast, headed by Soprano Zinka Milanov, Tenor Richard Tucker, Baritone Leonard Warren and Basso Cesare Siepi. Just to keep franchise, the critics grumbled a little because of some of the cuts that were made (or some that were not made) in shortening Verdi's overlong opera. But they more than made up for that with praise of Painter Eugene Berman's "deftoned and properly ominous" new sets (*TIME*, Nov. 17).

In general, the Met was in good form all week. Furthermore, Director Bing proved to have some scenic surprises up his well-tailored sleeve when it came to the Met's 300th performance of *Lohengrin*. That good old stand-by, he modestly announced, had been somewhat restyled for the occasion. However, the only perceptible resemblance between the new *Lohengrin* and the old was in Wagner's four-hour score. Met Stage Director Dino Yanopoulos, 32, working with Designer Charles Elson of the company staff, took Josef Urban's rich old sets apart, reset the best of the gloomy old forms against fields of bright new color. The Met had a vivid new set, "dirt cheap" (about \$15,000), and a first-class singing cast topped

by Tenor Hans Hopf in his first Met performance of *Lohengrin* and Soprano Eleanor Steber as Elsa.

It was not roses all the way. One night, Manhattan saw Soprano Dorothy Kirsten's Tosca, which had brought the house down in San Francisco two seasons ago. It sent only a mild tremor through the Met's formidable masonry. "Singing Tosca," chirped the *Daily News*, "she made an excellent Mimi." But at week's end Baritone Robert Merrill got off to an impressive start in his first Rigoletto, and his divorced bride Soprano Roberta Peters, as Gilda, matched him with a *Caro nome* that stopped the show.

Director Bing chose opening week to announce another bold venture. Early in December, said he, a performance of *Carmen* will be televised from the stage of the Met, piped on a closed circuit to some 30 motion-picture houses in cities from coast to coast. If people will pay (sometimes) to see televised prizefights, perhaps they will pay to see televised opera. In any case, Bing means to find out.

Contraptional Bones

The musical explorations of Igor Stravinsky, e.g., *The Rite of Spring*, once got him branded as a wild-eyed futurist. Long since overtaken on the innovation front, he has for many years now been burrowing back into the musical past—but as an explorer still.

Last week, to the mingled horror, delight and bemusement of a capacity (2,500) crowd in U.C.L.A.'s Royce Hall, Stravinsky conducted the Los Angeles Chamber Symphony Orchestra in the world premiere of his newest work—a *Cantata* based on the Flemish and Burgundian styles of the 15th and 16th centuries. The lyrics of its four parts were



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taken from English folk songs of the same period.

"Mind Music." Stravinsky used only five instruments—two flutes, an oboe, English horn and cello. A chorus of eight women and two soloists. Mezzo-Soprano Marni Nixon and Tenor Hughes Cuenod, were the only voices. Stravinsky conducted in his usual jerky, graceless style, looking, with his prominent eyes and waving tailcoat, rather like a dapper little Beatrix Potter frog.

The chorus sang *A Lyke-Wake Dirge* before, between and after the solos. It was slow music, in close harmony and mildly dissonant, not a dirge of despair but rather "contemplative," as one listener put it. The soprano solo, *The Maidens Came*, was sparse, austere, reminded some in spirit of Italian primitive painting of an even earlier era than Stravinsky's models. The tenor solo, *Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day*, was a singer's nightmare of half tones and difficult intervals. Most everybody was relieved when the duet, *Westron Winde*, came breezing in with a cheerfully dissonant allegro.

Stravinsky took three curtain calls. There were bravos for the tenor. A slight hissing was heard at the rear of the hall. Mostly, though, the audience didn't quite know what to think. "It is mind music," said one musician. An esthete put it precisely: "From the lush, full, rich sound we think of as Stravinsky, you are suddenly in an entirely different world—in a bony world."

"Once Again..." The critics next day were sharply divided. Mildred Norton of the Los Angeles *Daily News* called the cantata an "essay in boredom," and added: "The most invigorating sound I heard was a restive neighbor winding his watch." Wrote Albert Goldberg of the *Times*: "Perhaps only a musician can appreciate the extreme technical discipline involved... It makes no obvious appeal to anything within the range of the average listener's experience, yet by its very starkness it creates a perfect setting... for the old English texts involved. Once again, it would seem, Stravinsky has opened new paths..."

The composer himself was not inclined to say much about his new work. "A contrapuntal work entirely," he said. "Counterpoint is my real home. I feel quite at ease..."

French Belter

Many a U.S. crooner, what with wailing and moaning and gnashing of teeth, sings like a man who learned his style in a concentration camp. Robert Clary actually did. He spent three years in Auschwitz and Buchenwald, and whiled away some of the time by singing for his fellow prisoners.

That background may in part account for one of the eeriest styles yet offered to a U.S. audience, and for the fascination Singer Clary exerts over audiences at Broadway's *New Faces of 1952*, in which he sings a few songs, and at an after-theater nightclub where he does two shows a night.

The first things about Clary that startle



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an audience are his broad shoulders, pint size (5 ft. 1 in.) and graphic homeliness. An audience may expect almost anything from such a fellow, but never fails to be surprised by what it gets—a “belt” by one of the biggest voices now at large in a nightclub. Said one guest: “I never heard anything so big come out of anything so little.” Hitting on all decibels, and mugging like a young chimp playing Maurice Chevalier, Robert mows them down with *Lucky Pierre* (first in French, and then with an English translation). Then he plows them under with a number entitled *Don't Put a Dent in My Heart* (but “hit me, beat me, slap me around”). He also does a lavish imitation of that well-known grief machine, Johnnie Ray.

Offstage, Clary is a mild and sensible enough fellow. He was born in Paris in 1926, the son of a piecework tailor. In



Ralph Morse—Luz

ROBERT CLARY

“Hit me, beat me, slap me around.”

1942, when Robert was 16, he and his parents and one of his sisters were deported to Germany as Jews, and sent to Auschwitz. Robert alone survived, and later was transferred to Buchenwald. There, with half a dozen other Frenchmen, he began to give a little show. “I was very young,” Robert recalls, “and, really, I did not understand.” Nevertheless, he says, “I learned about life in there. I learned that all kinds of people are the same. Everybody just has to—come through.”

Robert came through in show business after the war. He changed his name from Widerman to Clary, as friends in concentration camp had suggested, and started work in a rundown *boite* in Paris' Place Pigalle, doing a blackface turn à la Jolson. In 1949, Clary was brought to the U.S., but “I wasn't very good.” It took him two years in the cellar circuit to get good.

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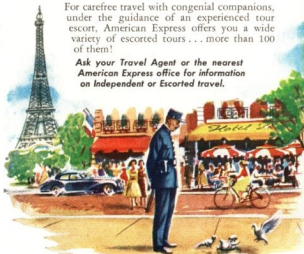
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THE PRESS

Hearst v. Brown

The tabloid Los Angeles *Mirror* and its morning sister the *Times* like nothing better than a free-swinging Hollywood brawl. Last week the papers got just what they wanted; across Page One the *Mirror* splashed the headline: BRAWL OVER MARION DAVIES. What was even better, they had a clean beat. The *Times* and *Mirror* were tipped off by none other than a friend of onetime Cinematress Marion Davies herself. Rival Hearst-papers hushed up the story because one of the brawlers was the chain's publisher, William R. Hearst Jr.

Bill Hearst, 44, was on his way home from dinner in Hollywood when he stopped off to see his old friend Mike Romanoff at Mike's glittering Milky Way restaurant. He didn't find Mike, but he

lowed me outside and starts yelling about treating his wife right and all this nonsense. I've known M.D. for a long time. I had enough of her when Dad was alive. I didn't want to sit at her table. After all, Mom is in town. Oh, it was murder."

Brown swung a haymaker. It missed and Hearst countered with a blow that flattened Brown. Complained Brown later: "All those people out there were holding me. One of them even pulled my ring off. I never saw it again . . . When they let go of me, I said 'Bill, you want to forget this whole thing and come in and have a drink?' He said 'Nope.' I said, 'Then you want to fight some more?' He said 'Nope,' and he drove off."

The Bogus Battle

In the composing room of newspapers all over the U.S., linotypists set type every day that they know will never be used. It is set, proofread, corrected, put together by compositors into final form for printing—then thrown away. Such type is called "bogus"; it is set just to be thrown away. Setting bogus type became a widespread practice at the turn of the century after advertisers began sending their ads out in "mats," i.e., molds into which metal is cast to make the completed ad without setting type. To counteract this labor-saving device, the International Typographical Union wrote contracts with publishers requiring that a duplicate ad be set in type every time a mat is used.

Last week the American Newspaper Publishers Association filed a brief with the U.S. Supreme Court that it hopes will end bogus. With newspaper costs steadily rising, most papers can no longer afford bogus. The Washington *Star* estimates that its annual bogus bill is the equivalent of two weeks' extra wages a year for every composing-room employee. The New York *Times* pays more than \$150,000 a year to set bogus.

Publishers have been fighting bogus as a violation of the National Labor Relations Act. They argue it forces them to pay for a service that is unquestionably of no value to them, that it is a violation of the act's anti-featherbedding clause. Before the NLRB and the courts, contradictory decisions have been handed down. After the Supreme Court hears the case this week, A.N.P.A. hopes to get a clear decision against bogus.

The Single-Minded Newsman

On New York's *World-Telegram* and *Sun*, Edward J. Mowery, 46, is known as a "single-minded" reporter who never lets go of a story once he gets hold of it. Six years ago Mowery got hold of the case of Louis Hoffner, a dime-store clerk sentenced to life in prison for the murder of a New York City tavern owner in a holdup. Mowery heard about the case as the result of another good piece of reporting; he had just dug up evidence to help free Bertram M. Campbell, a Wall Street customer's man convicted of forgery as a



International

CAPTAIN BROWN & MARION DAVIES

"What else could I do but poste him?" got an unexpected invitation. Horace Brown, 47, the ex-sea captain who married Marion Davies a year ago,* asked Hearst to stop by his table for a drink. Hearst, who has no love for Marion Davies (he refers to her only as "M.D."), said no. Then the trouble started.

As Mariner Brown told the story: "Well, very polite-like I said to Mr. Hearst why didn't he come be friendly and have a drink . . . He just said he didn't want to have anything to do with my so-called wife. Well, I tell you, what else could I do but paste him?"

According to Hearst, things were slightly different: "It was only 10 o'clock and I was tired. On my way out, a waiter comes up and says Captain Brown wants me at his table. . . I said no, I was going to bed. Then this guy, this Brown, fol-

* After eight months she filed for divorce, but changed her mind. Admitted Brown: "I don't know why she took me back, because I'm a beast. I bought a monkey as a pet and the monkey bit her. I pulled the phone out by the roots . . . pushed her in the swimming pool . . . turned the fire hose on her friends . . ."



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result of mistaken identity (TIME, Aug. 6, 1945 *et seq.*). After Campbell was released, Reporter Mowery was flooded with letters from other prisoners asking help in getting them out too.

Only Hoffner's letter caught his interest: he not only insisted that he was innocent, but added that a patrolman and a former assistant district attorney believed him. When Mowery heard what the cop and prosecutor had found after five years of hunting for facts, he, too, became convinced that Hoffner's conviction was a miscarriage of justice, and he set to work to prove it.

The Search. First he tracked down members of the jury, found that they were so confused by the judge's charge that a majority first voted to free Hoffner, then reinterpreted the charge and voted to convict him. Mowery also found that a cab driver, who testified at the



REPORTER MOWERY
Justice after twelve years.

trial that he had seen Hoffner in Brooklyn eleven miles away at the time of the murder, had been threatened by detectives with losing his license. Another witness, who also saw Hoffner in Brooklyn, was never called to testify at all.

Mowery tried to get into Danmemora prison to see Hoffner himself, but prison officials, angered by Mowery's *World-Telly* stories, refused him. So Mowery got in by tagging along with the assistant D.A. and posing as his aide. Then prison officials cut off all mail between Mowery and Hoffner. Mowery got around the ban by inserting his questions in letters that others sent to Hoffner. Reporter Mowery wrote more than 60 stories about the case, formed a Hoffner Committee and collected thousands of signatures on a petition for a new trial. But he was still short one crucial piece of evidence.

The Clincher. Four months later he got it. Hoffner's conviction rested on the testimony of a waiter. He was the only

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TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1952

one who had identified Hoffner as the killer. Mowery discovered that the first time the waiter tried to pick Hoffner out of the line-up, he failed. Pressed by defense lawyers to explain why he missed Hoffner the first time, the witness said he had not seen him in profile, as he had viewed the killer. But Mowery checked into the line-up record, proved that the witness had seen Hoffner's profile, and even so had not identified him at first.

After six years of having the state turn down all appeals, Mowery went again to the district attorney's office with the complete evidence. Last week, across the top of Page One in the *World-Telegram and Sun*, was a banner headline on Mowery's triumph: JUSTICE AFTER 12 LONG YEARS. HOFFNER LIFE TERM SET ASIDE. In setting aside the conviction, Judge Peter T. Farrell said: "Had the information [that we now have] been made known before, the course of justice might . . . have been completely different."

Drawing the Iron Curtain

As Russian expert for the anti-Communist weekly *New Leader*, Contributing Editor David J. Dallin gets his information chiefly from Russian newspapers and magazines. Like Russian specialists on other U.S. newspapers and magazines, Dallin gets his view of things behind the Iron Curtain by piecing together bits of news and information in Soviet periodicals. Recently, Dallin reported an alarming discovery; Federal Government bureaus had seized such magazines as *Bolshevik* (which changed its name this month to *Kommunist*) and *Ogonek*, thus depriving Dallin and others of an "important source of knowledge and weapon in the cold war."

Last week the American Civil Liberties Union formally protested against such censorship. Some of the Russian magazines were held up or destroyed by U.S. Customs under the law which bans subversive or obscene literature. Since most of the magazines and newspapers come into the U.S. by bulk mail, the customs men have been destroying some of them on the spot. Some of those passed by customs have been held up, or destroyed, by the Post Office under the law that bans mailing of publications that advocate "treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to the laws of the U.S." Acting Postal Solicitor Louis Doyle said that by law his department is responsible for deciding what to ban. Customs officials reported 2% or 3% of the 10,000 to 15,000 shipped to the Port of New York from the Soviet bloc every month are seized.

The ban was news to many Russian scholars who were never told why certain Russian publications stopped coming. In trying to protect the U.S. from Red propaganda, the Government was actually destroying one of the most important sources of counter-propaganda. Said a *New Leader* editorial: "Information about Soviet affairs [is] sorely needed by Americans and put to good use by responsible anti-Communist scholars."

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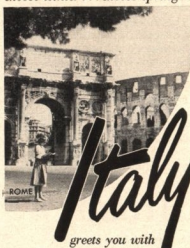
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THE THEATER

French Spoken

Broadway has its Lunts; London its Oliviers. Last week Manhattan theatergoers had a chance to see the pride of Paris. Imported by Impresario Sol Hurok, Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault began a three-week run which will end with *Hamlet*, the play that brought their troupe fame in 1946.

The troupe's opening bill was a pleasing double one: Marivaux's *Les Fausses Confidences* (*The False Secrets*) rattled off in French; and a pantomime, *Baptiste*, requiring no French at all. A mannered 18th-century mixup, *Les Fausses Confidences* was all ambitious mothers and



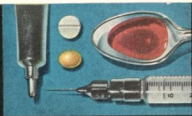
B. M. Bernard
JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT
The pride of Paris.

wily servants, dissembling lovers and trumped-up letters. But in an elegantly stylized production, the play seemed almost to be danced. Done so lightly, even its witless deceptions had an air of wit. Madeleine Renaud made an exquisite widow; Barrault, playing an agile valet, had about him a touch of quipsilver, of Mercury himself. To enjoy the production it was less necessary to understand French than to respond to style.

Baptiste, a bright-colored dream tale of a Pierrot in love with a statue, showed that Actor-Director-Choreographer Barrault knows how to use his body quite as well as his head. A pantomime that just falls short of being a ballet, *Baptiste* has a gay, floating, slightly intermittent charm, with more unusual comic effects than choreographic ones. For real substance from the troupe, Broadway had still to wait: their first bill was rather a triumphant avoidance of it, an exercise in sheer airiness and grace.

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MEDICINE

Calculated Kiss

As science professor in a Baltimore high school, Bacteriologist Arthur H. Bryan found himself stumped by an obvious question: "Is kissing dangerous?" Physicians, it seemed, had not given much thought to the problem, yet to Dr. Bryan so fundamental a question seemed worthy of serious scientific inquiry. So he called for volunteers.

Those who thought they were signing up for a controlled petting party soon learned their mistake. Dr. Bryan persuaded youths and adults of both sexes to plant their lips firmly against sterile



GERM-LADEN KISS*

Culver

The only alternative: be a healthy bore.

glass slides or gooey agar plates while he held a stop watch. After intervals ranging from two to ten seconds, he took the specimen and cultured it to see how many colonies of bacteria had been transferred. His chief findings:

¶ From two to 250 germ colonies may switch sides during a kiss, but 95% are harmless.

¶ A long-drawn-out kiss transfers twice as many germs as a two-second buss.

¶ Women's lipsticks (and men's chapsticks) cut down the germ count, because most are made with a mild antiseptic, and the heavy base tends to suffocate the colonies.

Dr. Bryan's summation: "Since man is a social creature, he must expect risks in social contact, even in petting parties. The only alternative is to become a hermit or

a bore. Kissing can be not only a pleasant but a harmless pastime if ordinary lip and mouth hygiene is practiced." But Dr. Bryan still refuses a flat answer to the original question. If the partner happens to be in the early stages of a serious infection (such as strep throat), a kiss can still be dangerous. It involves a calculated risk.

Tiny Invaders

The doctors could not tell what ailed the baby in a railroad flat on Manhattan's Eighth Avenue. She had an up & down fever and convulsions soon after birth, there was something wrong with her eyes and her head became enlarged. She died in a hospital at the age of one month. Pathologists Abner Wolf and David Cowen could not fix the cause of death, but they found some puzzling little organisms in the brain. They were protozoa, to be sure, but what kind? Not until two years later (1939), when the two doctors had a similar case and were able to transmit the baby's disease to laboratory mice, could they be sure what it was: toxoplasmosis. The luckless youngster on Eighth Avenue, her illness posthumously diagnosed, was the first case in U.S. medical history.

Not So Rare. Last week experts in tropical medicine meeting in Galveston, Texas held a forum to tell all that they had learned about toxoplasmosis in the 15 years since the Manhattan baby's death. The main thing was that it is by no means as rare as doctors once thought. Though it escaped detection in animals until 1908, and in humans for almost another 20 years, hundreds of cases have now been recognized in the U.S. alone.

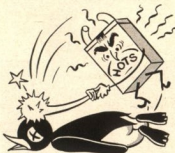
The commonest type of case is believed to be like the first U.S. record: the baby who gets the disease in the womb from a mother who has a smoldering, low-grade infection. The baby may be sick at birth, or not until a few weeks later. In either event, the tiny *Toxoplasma* invaders usually cause inflammation of the brain and spinal cord so severe that it is crippling if not fatal. (Later children of the same mother are believed to be safe because she develops antibodies.)

Mice & Men. Nobody knows how growing children and adults get the disease (mice are suspected of transmitting it), or why some victims get an acute infection while others have a milder form, often localized in the eyes. Pathologist Helenor Campbell Wilder presented positive data to the experts in Galveston: in 53 cases where a supposedly tuberculous eye had been removed, toxoplasmosis was found. Victims were 14 to 83 years old; some had had symptoms only a few weeks, others as long as 32 years.

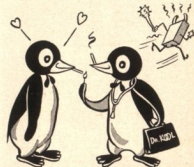
No less elusive than the cause of toxoplasmosis is its cure. Antibiotics are almost useless. Sulfa drugs are being tried, and if they do any good, the improvement should be most obvious in acute cases. But because toxoplasmosis is hard to identify, the patient often does not get the



When you're licked



By "hots," my friend,



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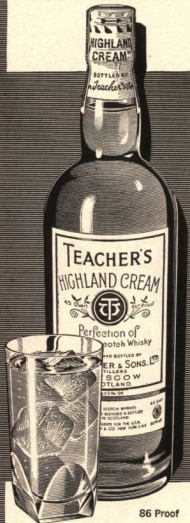
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treatment soon enough. Last week Microbiologist Don E. Eyles of the National Institutes of Health reported a hopeful new lead: Daraprim, which has already shown promise against the protozoa of malaria (*TIME*, Sept. 1), is effective against toxoplasmosis in mice when given with sulfadiazine. Now the trick is to extend the benefits from mice to men.

Pseudopolio

With the onset of cooler weather, 1952's record-breaking polio epidemic was on the wane all across the country. Nevertheless, scattered here & there were hundreds of new cases that looked like poliomyelitis. Patients, mostly youngsters, who had headaches, fever, nausea, stiff neck or muscular difficulties were rushed to hospitals, and their cases were entered in the polio records. The truth was that many of



DR. ENDERS
True or false?

the new patients did not have polio at all. There was good reason to believe that the season was producing an unusually large number of virus infections that only seemed to be polio.

During an epidemic, if a patient shows the standard combination of polio symptoms, including localized paralysis, the chances are that the doctors are right in calling the disease polio. In any case, the patient still gets good care and usually does not suffer, even if the diagnosis is wrong. But during every epidemic there are many cases called polio in which there is no paralysis, or only a short-lived muscle weakness. And some doctors suspect that there is a higher proportion of these among the scattered cases which crop up after the epidemic season is past.

Rough & Ready. Research doctors are now trying desperately to find ways & means of telling the true polio cases from the false. In at least three U.S. cities, they are working with tissue cultures from pieces of human organs or monkey testicle,

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on which polio virus grows and has a destructive effect. This way, they are able to tell in about a week whether the patient has had polio or not. But this technique is not generally available to physicians or even large hospitals; it is still in the research stage.

Until three years ago, when a team headed by Boston's Dr. John F. Enders reported that these test-tube cultures provided a test for the presence of polio and similar viruses, it used to take a monkey a month to confirm a single diagnosis of polio. That was impractical. Many physicians relied (and still do) on a microscopic examination of a droplet of fluid taken by puncture from the patient's spinal column. In normal, healthy fluid, there are few or no cells—not more than eight to the cubic millimeter. In victims of virus diseases like polio there may be 500 cells or more. This is still only a rough & ready test; half a dozen known viruses will produce the same result, and recent researches have turned up several viruses that seem to be new.

Three Unknowns. In 24 virus specimens taken from supposed polio patients and studied by other researchers at Yale, the diagnosis was confirmed in only 19 cases. The researchers had trouble with the other five. Only two behaved like Cocksackie virus (TIME, Sept. 17, 1951), which causes symptoms easily mistaken for polio. What the three others were is still a mystery.

The diseases most likely to be confused with polio are caused by the viruses of encephalitis (at least three forms) and mumps. Even the lowly, and usually harmless, virus of the fever blister can, like these, occasionally cause a severe inflammation of the central nervous system with widespread paralysis, or even death. At the Children's Medical Center in Boston, Dr. Enders and his colleagues are now busy screening cultures from 150 of this year's "polio" patients. Their results should be a big addition to medicine's slim store of knowledge about pseudopolio.

Capsules

¶ The California Academy of General Practice performed a drastic operation on itself: it dropped 125 members (out of 1,775) because they had failed to take 150 hours of formal training every three years to keep up with modern medicine.

¶ For the patient whose heart stops beating in the middle of an operation, Harvard's Dr. Paul M. Zoll has developed a simple emergency treatment. Two hypodermic needles are jabbed into the flesh, one on each side of the body, and an alternating current passing through them serves as a pacemaker for the heart beat.

¶ Staff members of the University of Illinois have found nothing more to do with the mysterious horse-serum drug Krebiozen (TIME, April 9, 1951), ruled President George D. Stoddard, because "the Krebiozen affair has been damaging to our scientific reputation." Staffer chiefly affected: Vice President Andrew Ivy, who insisted on giving the secret cancer serum a full trial.

TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1952



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Syncopation at St. Luke's

St. Luke's Church in Cambridge, England this week offered its congregation an experiment in popular church music: it got a clergyman-composer to present a new sung Mass in syncopated, calypso rhythm.

St. Luke's "folk Mass" is a serious attempt at a modern version of plain chant. Its composer, the Rev. Geoffrey Phillips Beaumont, 49, is the chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge and an energetic amateur tunesmith who writes most of the music for Trinity's annual revues. He wrote the sung Mass after clergymen friends had complained to him about their congregations' distaste for traditional liturgical music.

As performed this week, with a two-piano accompaniment, the folk Mass turned out to be a framework of bouncy modern rhythms, themes on which priest and congregation improvised when making their responses. Said Composer Beaumont, defending his innovation: "I know that many people will not like it, because they don't like light music. I ask them to offer up the Mass on behalf of the thousands that do, but don't come to church because they don't like current conventional church music."

Big Day at Trinity

Trinity Methodist Church in Los Angeles found a new way to increase Sunday-school attendance last week: it got Hollywood Cowboy Roy Rogers to come and bring his clever blond horse Trigger.

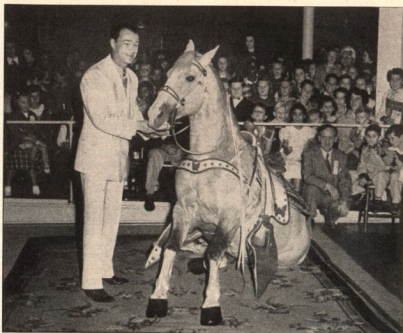
Before Sunday school, in the street out-

side, Rogers mounted and put Trigger through some of his famous paces, e.g., bowing and hula-hula prancings. "This happens to be Trigger's first appearance in church," Rogers told the crowd of youngsters. "He should have started long ago . . . Here you learn how to love one another and mom and pop." He led Trigger into the church annex, posed for pictures (Trigger on haunches). After the horse had been led outside again, Rogers continued his remarks. "This is God's day," he said, "and I'm tickled to death to do things for Him." Attendance: 1,800 children and parents. Attendance the Sunday before: 1,400.

Pagans in Spain

Seville's hard-shelled Cardinal Segura, who has repeatedly attacked such freedom of worship as is granted to Spain's 20,000-odd Protestants, is equally persistent in his opposition to Caudillo Franco's Fascist party, the Falange. His reason: he believes that both Protestants and Falangists are a threat to Roman Catholicism. The latest bulletin of his archdiocese, out last week, contained a letter forbidding seminarians to attend the Falange's summer youth camps. The atmosphere there, said the cardinal, "is full of perils for the formation of the conscience of a future priest."

A few days before, Cardinal Segura sent his flock a pastoral letter deploring the semi-religious ceremonies which the Falange conducts in each Spanish town around the "Cross of the Fallen," ubiquitous local memorials to Spain's civil war dead. These invariably end with local



COWBOY ROGERS & TRIGGER IN CHURCH
Also, love for mom and pop.

International



Martin Santos Yubero
CARDINAL SEGURA

He doesn't like Falangists either.

Falange leaders crying out: "Those fallen for God and Spain?"—and with the crowds answering: "Present!"*

Wrote the cardinal: "Nazism, an arrogant apostasy from Jesus Christ, distinguished itself for its errors in the cult of the dead . . . Now Divine Providence has eliminated the roots of evil with the annihilation of Nazism, yet some countries—including our own—still preserve practices of Nazi origin, such as the cult of the dead, without discrimination of religious belief, or . . . the cult of the Cross of the Fallen, before which cold political homage is rendered . . . The cause has gone, but we go on breathing a pagan, Nazi atmosphere."

Catholic Keynotes: 1952-53

Each November, the 190 Roman Catholic bishops of the U.S. hold a meeting in Washington, D.C., and afterward issue a joint statement. The statement is for practical purposes the voice of U.S. Roman Catholicism, commenting on the moral state of the nation and key-noting issues which the church believes deserve special attention in the coming year. This year's statement, released this week, explores the relations of church & state. Excerpts:

U.S. Religious Traditions. "In the beginning of our own nation, at the very time when the revolutionary movement on the continent of Europe was planning to destroy all influence of religion on public life, it is a remarkable fact that our founding fathers based their own revo-

lutionary action on the rights inherent in man as a creature of God, and placed their trust in His divine providence. [Their] concept of man . . . is essentially a religious concept—a concept inherited from Christian tradition . . ."

Secularism. "[There is the] constant temptation for this country to turn away from God and to become immersed in material pursuits . . . Widespread yielding to this temptation has given rise to an even greater danger—the way of life we call secularism. Those who follow this way of life distort and blot out our religious traditions, and seek to remove all influence of religion from public life. Their main efforts are centered on the divorce of religion from education . . ."

"To teach moral and spiritual values divorced from religion and based solely on social convention, as these men claim to do, is not enough . . . Without religion, morality becomes simply a matter of individual taste, of public opinion or majority vote . . . Without religious education, moral education is impossible . . ."

"Let it not be said that we are enemies of public education. We recognize that the state has a legitimate and even necessary concern with education. But if religion is important to good citizenship—and that is the burden of our national tradition—then the state must give recognition to its importance in public education . . ."

"To one who cherishes the American tradition, it is alarming to hear all non-public education denounced as divisive. Not all differences are divisive, and not all divisions are harmful."

Irreligion & Faith. "A religious people is a people which prays. If the spirit of religion has declined in our times, it is because many, immersed in worldly pursuits, have ceased to pray . . ."

"One of the constant dangers to the religious spirit in a country such as ours is the tendency to regard religion itself simply as the fruit of pious sentiment; or to hold, as the doctrinal basis of religion, what we may call the common factor in the religious opinions held by various groups; or to be content with the great religious truths of the natural order which can be known by unaided human reason. It is true that the founders of this country . . . gave as the religious foundation of their work only the truths of the natural order—belief in God as the Omnipotent Creator; belief in man as God's free creature endowed with inalienable rights; belief in the eternal truth and universality of the moral law. But it is also true that these convictions were part of their Christian tradition. Historically these truths had been received and elaborated by intellects illumined by faith . . ."

"All the religious truths, natural and supernatural, are parts of one integral whole. Ultimately in man's mind they must stand or fall together . . . Only the life of Christian faith can guarantee to man in his present state the moral life; and the Christian life is lived in its entirety only through the one true Church of Christ."

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* A similar custom is still observed in the French army. La Tour d'Auvergne was a grenadier captain of such legendary courage that his superiors gave him the title of "First Grenadier of France." Ever since his death in battle, at Oberhausen in 1800, his name has been called at formal masters of his old regiment. Each time, a noncommissioned officer steps up to answer: "Dead on the field of honor."

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Football for Fun

The top game of the week for 40,000 Atlanta fans and millions of televiewers matched the undefeated engineers of Georgia Tech, the nation's No. 2 team, and the Crimson Tide of Alabama, No. 12; for a while at the start, a 200-proof shocker of an upset seemed in the making. Aroused Alabama, threatening time & again, scored a first-period field goal and kept the vaunted Tech attack bottled up.

Not until the second period did the sputtering Georgia Tech offense, handicapped by the loss of injured Star Halfback Leon Hardeman, finally get untracked. With a pair of downfield blockers paying the way, Hardeman's substitute, Dick Pretz, ripped around right end for

man at practice when he played against an All-American last week?" Dodd's ten-man staff of assistants, one of the biggest coaching staffs in the country, give the players a maximum of attention and a minimum of tough talk.

The Dodd system contradicts many of the theories of the hell-for-leather big-time college coaches. And though Tech does its best to lure good players, Dodd must constantly cope with the hard fact that the tough engineering school has no snap courses like those found in some of the football foundries. How does Dodd consistently stay on top of the collegiate heap? The former All-American quarterback for Tennessee (1930) has a twinkle in his grey eyes when he answers that one: "Don't forget, we get the smarter boys—



GEORGIA TECH TACKLERS SPILLING ALABAMA RUNNER
On an off-day, the defense carried the ball.

United Press

11 yds. and a touchdown. That was all the scoring for the day, but Tech's fast, rangy (191 lbs. average) defensive platoon bent to its task with ferocious tackling and held Alabama at bay. Final score: 7-3.

Georgia Tech, a two-touchdown favorite, had played its most lackluster game of the season, but it is one of the marks of a champion to win even on the off-days. Instead of being displeased, Tech Coach Robert Lee Dodd, easy and relaxed, gave credit to the other team rather than blaming his own. Said Dodd: "We're not too disappointed. After seeing the way Alabama played, we were extremely happy to win it at all." The remark summed up Dodd's whole coaching thesis: "I coach just like I would want to be coached if I was back in college—and the way I'd like my son to be coached." At Georgia Tech, they come as close as any big-league squad can to playing football for plain fun.

Tech practice sessions are limited to an hour and a half, and the players seldom scrimmage after September. Says Dodd: "What can a good football player get out of knocking himself out blocking a fresh-

man and that helps." It also helps that Dodd's Sugar Bowl-bound engineers seem to enjoy playing football for him.

Georgia Tech's Sugar Bowl opponent, Mississippi, pulled the upset of the week by downing unbeaten Maryland, No. 3 in the polls, 21-14. Michigan State, No. 1, held its rank by toppling Notre Dame, 21-3. And Michigan, upsetting Purdue 21-10, took over the lead (tied with Wisconsin) in the Big Ten Conference race.

Dallas Down the Drain

Even the eyes of Texans popped a little last week at the size of the deficit run up by the National Football League's fledgling Dallas Texans, successors to the defunct and debt-ridden New York football Yankees. After two months of the season, the Dallas club was almost \$250,000 in the red.

The franchise had been transferred to Dallas this year with notable hubbaloob. Texans, priding themselves on the biggest and best of everything, foresaw a bright future for their professional team

with an estimated 1,000,000 fans to draw from. In theory, all that the 16 owners of the \$100,000 Dallas franchise needed to do was draw crowds of 24,000 a game to break even. Anything above that figure would be gravy. In practice, as the out-manned Dallas team lost seven straight league games, attendance dropped off to 12,000 a game.

Last week, unable to finance the team for the remainder of the season, the Dallas owners dumped the whole mess back in the lap of N.F.L. Commissioner Bert Bell, who announced that the team would complete its schedule playing on the road. Texans who have been clamoring loudly for the transfer of a major-league baseball franchise (e.g., the St. Louis Cardinals) clearly had good reason now to restudy that project.

Yanqui Matador

"Americans don't have the guts to be bullfighters." This remark, tossed off in a Mexico City café, infuriated a young poster artist with flaming red hair and a temper to match. He flared back: "Americans have more guts in their little fingers than the rest of the world put together!" To make good his boast, Brooklyn-born Sidney Franklin had to learn enough about bullfight technique to get through a face-saving appearance with yearling bulls at a rancho in the country. That was back in 1922, and with time off for wars, revolutions and surgical operations, Franklin, the only American ever to become a top-flight matador, has been in or around bull rings ever since.

Tedious, backbreaking cape and sword lessons with Rodolfo Gaona, "Mexico's best and one of the three greatest matadors* of all time," taught Franklin that bullfighting was grinding work. He learned to respect the brave bulls, too. "But what enthralled me most," says frank Sidney Franklin, "was the absolute idolatry in which the crowd held the fighters." Extraverted, extravagant, foolish and flamboyant, Franklin surfboarded through the '20s on this idolatrous wave, bathing himself in a thunderous surf of resounding *Olés*.

"Cold Valor," Franklin hobnobbed with royalty and other big-name people—Mary Garden, Fritz Kreisler, Pablo Casals, Douglas Fairbanks Sr. At another extreme, he once engaged in a memorable ten-day spree with a tribe of back-jungle Mexican Indians who were fascinated by his red hair, and took steps to see that the next batch of children all had it.

As a reporter for the North American News Alliance, he covered the Spanish Civil War with his good friend Ernest Hemingway, who wrote, in 1932, in *Death in the Afternoon*: "Franklin is brave with a cold, serene and intelligent valor . . . He is one of the most skillful, graceful, and slow manipulators of cape fighting today . . . No history of bullfighting that is ever written can be complete unless it gives him the space he is entitled to."

Last week, characteristically sparing no

* The other two, according to Franklin: Juan Belmonte and José ("Joselito") Ortega.

When you travel after dark— take it easy!



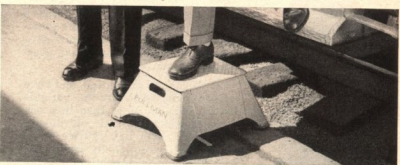
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superlatives, Franklin published his autobiography* for armchair aficionados. And, characteristically, Franklin was far away from the literary tea set. He was in Spain, making his debut as a teacher of young bullfighters, in the small (pop. 18,000) Andalusian city of Alcalá de Guadaira, eight miles from the famed bullfight center of Seville. Franklin had patched up the local bull ring, unused for 25 years, with \$6,000 of his own money to provide an arena for his school.

Warm Reception. Now 49, his body scarred by repeated gorings and 20-odd corrective operations, Franklin knows that his career as a top matador is finished. But like all good fighters, he hates to call it quits. His first practice *corrida* at Alcalá was quite a comedown for a matador once the toast of two continents, but Franklin did not seem to mind. In fact, he was



Martin Santos Yábera

SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Antics in the afternoon.

delighted with his pupils, even though some of them reacted to the tension of their first appearance by lapsing into a series of low-comedy antics.

One student was tossed five times by a *becerra* (yearling cow). Another lost his pants when a horn severed his waistband; a third became so excited that he threw away his sword and tried to throw his *becerra* to the ground. The crowd got into the act; howling volunteers from the stands jumped into the ring, flinging capes on the sand. But after the wild melee, one old *aficionado* said: "This was a big day. It took an American to bring back Alcalá's enthusiasm."

"Professor" Franklin was bubbling: "With these kids around me, and the smell of the sand and the bulls in my nostrils in my own plaza, I'll never be an old, retired matador. I'll go right on in the ring until I die, with my fighting slippers on."

* Bullfighter from Brooklyn (Prentice Hall; \$3.75).

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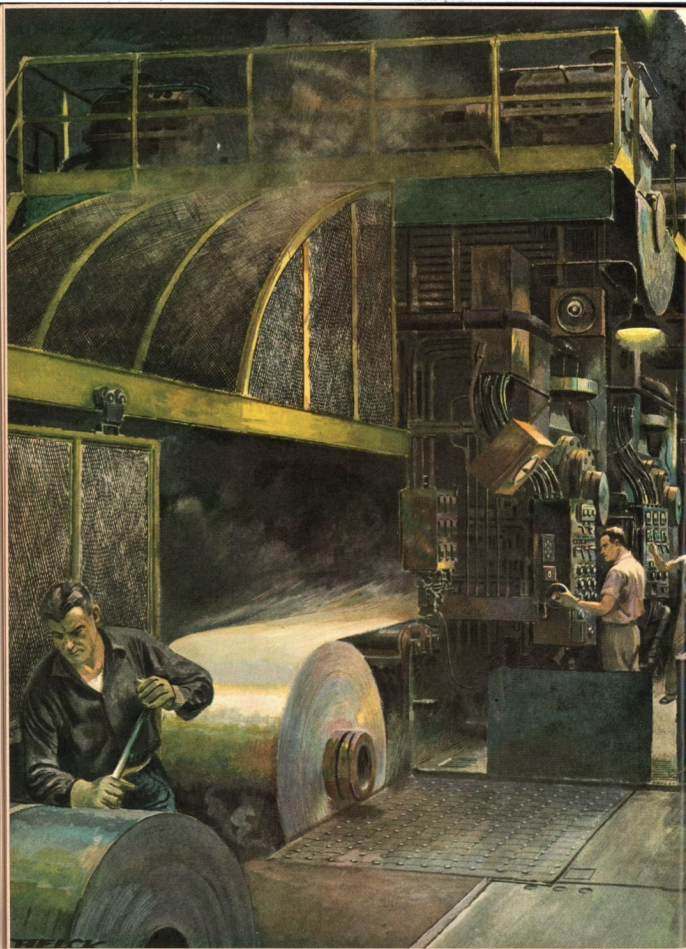
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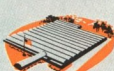
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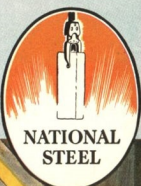
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RADIO & TELEVISION

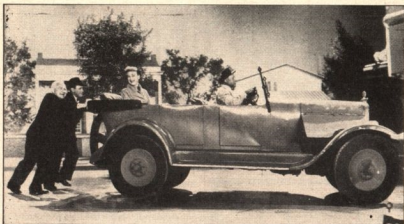
Western Approach

In the battle over which is to be the TV capital of the U.S., Hollywood last week had a comfortable edge over Manhattan. On a 25-acre tract in the middle of Los Angeles, CBS dedicated a new TV City, a super-modern expandable plant covering 8½ acres, and outfitted with enough doodads and gadgets to make even the best-equipped movie studio envious.

For its dedication ceremony, CBS brought out a flock of stars—M.C. Jack Benny, Burns & Allen, Lucille Ball, plus such other big California names as Governor Earl Warren and Los Angeles Mayor Fletcher Bowron (who all turned in first-rate performances). The program, like most such, was long (60 minutes) and

interrupting the production flow." For the same reason, there are only four or five showers for the droves of actors. After all, Luckman says, perhaps showers are an effete Western notion: actors don't have them in New York. One innovation that harried network vice presidents in Manhattan will envy: the sponsormobile, a 14-ft.-by-16-ft. portable glass bubble designed to be rolled about the TV stages by an electric truck. The sponsor, sitting inside, can see and hear but cannot be heard. Says Luckman: "We can move the sponsor where the action is best, so he can see how he's spending his millions."

TV City is intended, for a time at least, only for live programs. Such filmed shows as *I Love Lucy* will still be made at movie studios. The thing that worries some tele-



MAYOR BOWRON (LEFT) HELPS JACK BENNY PUSH HIS CAR OFFSTAGE*
Gracie Allen was disturbed by congressional drinking.

draggy, but it perked up in spots. Sample: Gracie Allen telling Governor Warren about the "deplorable" excessive drinking in the Senate—"I read about Senator Knowland trying to make a speech from the floor—and the Speaker of the House was even in worse condition—he didn't even recognize him!"

Chief goals in TV City, says Charles Luckman, onetime (1946-50) president of Lever Bros., whose architectural firm (Pereira & Luckman) designed the building, are flexibility and low operating cost. The new plant is supposed to save 37% in the time necessary to put on a show. Everything—from raw materials to finished product—is under one roof: rehearsals, four studios, a 35-man carpentry shop, a paint shop, even a plaster shop that makes everything from fake balustrades to bottles that shatter when bounced lightly off an actor's head. CBS can also store, for quick re-use, all its scenery and sets (in Manhattan the company spends about \$40,000 a week just trucking sets to & from the studios).

"We discarded every idea that took our eyes off the ball," says Luckman. For example, TV City has no restaurant, because no place could be found for it "without

vision producers: will top-quality programs suffer from movieland's standardizing touch? Said one official: "Everything will be bigger and more imitative than ever." Another agreed: "We're going to get quiz shows that are better lighted than ever before, but they're still going to be quiz shows."

The New Shows

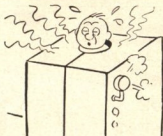
Omnibus (Sundays, 4:30 p.m., CBS-TV) dedicates an hour and a half to "exceedingly various" experiences in the arts and skills. The show is aimed, says Spokesman Alistair Cooke, at middle-brow audiences. What gives the program its theoretical latitude is the fact that it was designed (and is supported) by the Ford Foundation, whose object is not money but an attempt to exploit new TV horizons. The first show of the series set the pace for the future: two original plays (*The Badmen*, by William Saroyan, and *The Trial of Anne Boleyn*, by Maxwell Anderson); excerpts from *The Mikado*, with Britain's famed Martyn Green; two short films (*Witch Doctor*, an au-

* At the wheel, Rochester; in the tonneau, Eve Arden.

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thentic Haitian dance with Jean Leon Destine, and clips from an X-ray movie).

Spokesman Cooke, famed for his BBC broadcasts from the U.S., strolls from experience, doing his urbane best to lace a heterogeneous program together. Once minor production flaws are cleared up, *Omnibus* should be one of the smoothest, most informative shows in television. This week's second production gave proof of the hope. The bill was tighter, better edited and smaller. There were fewer features, including Menotti's miniature opera, *The Telephone*, and the first of a five-part Abraham Lincoln story written by James (*The Quiet One*) Agee and directed by Documentary Producer Louis de Rochemont. New experiences forthcoming: Helen Hayes in J. M. Barrie's *The Twelve-Pound Look*; Metropolitan Opera productions.

My Hero (Saturdays, 7:30 p.m., NBC-TV) stars Cinemactor Robert Cummings in a filmed series about Robert Beanblossom, a bumbling real-estate salesman who is "a sort of likable jerk." He sets the tone of the leading character in the first show as he barely holds to his job and desperately tries to earn some commissions ("Even my friends are making more money than I am, and they're unemployed"). The gags are broad (Cummings to a vamp: "Be careful, I'm already committed.") Vamp to Cummings: "You may have to be, when I'm through with you"), and so is all the acting, but there are plenty of simple-minded laughs.

The Bob Hope Show (weekdays, 9:30 a.m., NBC) is designed strictly for housewives who want something to laugh at over their vacuum cleaners before tuning in the soap operas. Hope handles the job in snappy style (before a live audience of ladies), dots the radio program with interviews and a weekly "guest lady editor," e.g., Zsa Zsa Gabor, Cobina Wright Sr.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Nov. 21. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Football (Sat. 2:45 p.m., ABC). Maryland v. Alabama.

NBC Symphony (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Toscanini conducting Act II of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, with Nan Merriman and Barbara Gibson.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Mitropoulos conducting. Guest: Pianist Friedrich Gulda.

TELEVISION

Tales of Tomorrow (Fri. 9:30 p.m., ABC). *The Quiet Lady*, with Una O'Connor.

Football (Sat. 4:45 p.m., NBC). U.C.L.A. v. U.S.C.

Victory at Sea (Sun. 3 p.m., NBC). Documentary—*Midway Is East*, the Japanese conquest of the Western Pacific and the Battle of Midway.

At Home with Robert Frost (Sun. 5:30 p.m., NBC). The poet and his credo, second in a series of filmed programs featuring some great names.



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ART

Full Sail

Manhattan's art season was out of the doldrums and clipping along under full sail. From 57th Street to Greenwich Village last week, the galleries opened 40 new shows. Among the most interesting:

JACKSON POLLOCK, who once flirted with form in his abstract paintings, then rejected it for pure drippings from a paint can, now seems to be swinging slowly back to brush & palette art. In five of his 14 new canvases there are signs of brush work, and in four of them there is a bow to form: a writhing, half-kneeling woman, a grotesque head, a suggestion of an animal. The rest is mostly recognizable Pollock: rich blots and dribbles of free-running color.

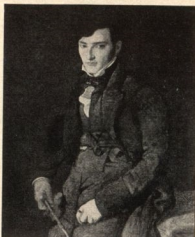
DRAWINGS FROM Punch, a collection of 150 cartoons by 50 of the artists who give Britain's venerable funny magazine its polite kick. *Punch's* jesters like the same simple lines, merrily exaggerated expressions, and hapless characters as their U.S. counterparts: bumbling doctors, mad-cap crooks, chesty admirals and busty dowagers.

IRWIN HOFFMAN, a successful Manhattan portraitist who has been out of sight for six years studying the old masters' techniques, at last is ready to show off the results. His 26 formal portraits seem as relaxed and unposed as snapshots; his subjects are caught speaking, smiling, playing. Two of the smoothest: a winning study of a redheaded youngster totally absorbed in playing with watercolors, a musician's wife leaning attentively forward as if listening to chamber music.

JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES, a rare look at the work of a conservative 19th century (1780-1867) French master who was never fully appreciated in the U.S. during his lifetime. The Ingres Museum in his native Montauban has combed its collection of 4,000 paintings and drawings, sent over 53 of the master's finest: 16 religious scenes, landscapes and portraits, 37 delicate drawings of prancing nude dancers, a Madonna-like head, a ragged Roman beggar, a man playing cards. All show Ingres' love of classic line and precise detail. One of his mannered best: a pencil drawing, *The Forestier Family*, in which Ingres pays homage to young Julie Forestier, whom he was engaged to marry but later deserted. (Julie, the legend goes, put off all subsequent suitors with the statement: "When you have had the honor of being engaged to M. Ingres, you don't marry.") Next steps for the exhibit, after a month in Manhattan: Manchester, N.H., Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleveland, San Francisco.

Whitney, 1952

The big painting annual at Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art is one show the critics always study in hopes of spotting a new trend. At the 1952 show, on view last week, the trend spotters needed microscopes to find any changes.



Portrait by Ingres

From France, Madonnas and nudes.

All told, 154 artists from 24 states were represented, and most of them seemed to be doing just what they have been doing ever since the war: abstract paintings in all sizes, shapes and colors. The work bore such titles as *Sleeper No. 2*, *Third Theme*, *47*, *Vibration* and *Rapt at Rappaport's*. The color patterns varied from shades of Tabasco red to jellyfish grey; some were done as geometrical designs, others as waving, leaflike forms, weird blotches of black & white, or blazing skyrockets of paint on canvas.

Nonetheless, some critics thought they saw a slight shifting of the currents in several of the Whitney's ten galleries. There, the work of more objective artists was on exhibit, and there seemed to be more of it than last year. Among the best: a compassionate scene of two old Bowerly bums, *Under the El*, by Manhattan's Jack Levine; a primitive allegory, *Fishers*, by Simon and Peter; by Manhattan's C. Murray Foster; a biting satire, *Ten-*



Foster's "Simon & Peter"

For trend spotters, microscopes.

sion, by St. Louis' Siegfried Reinhardt, which showed a straining rooster, a bird hanging by its neck, a boy stretching a string, and a man twisting the boy's head.

Director Hermon More, who helped put the show together, disagrees with the critics. He sees no strong hints of a swing toward more representational art. He culled some 1,500 paintings for the show, had to "lean over backwards to get more realistic painters." Most of those he found were already established artists; of the unknown good enough to exhibit for the first time, 40 out of 43 were abstractionists. Says More: "It's hard to find a young artist under 30 these days who paints in any style other than abstract."

Missing in Kentucky

The people of Bardstown (pop. 4,135), Ky. were shocked and angry at the meanness of man. On a dark night last week, thieves broke into 133-year-old St. Joseph's Cathedral, oldest Roman Catholic cathedral west of the Alleghenies, and made off with some of the art treasures inside. Among the nine paintings stolen: *The Playing of St. Bartholomew*, attributed to Rubens, *The Crowning of the Blessed Virgin*, attributed to Murillo, and *The Descent of the Holy Ghost*, attributed to one of the Van Eyck brothers.

All Bardstown knew their legendary history: in 1798, while living in Havana, Father Benedict Joseph Flaget, future Bishop of Bardstown, befriended France's exiled Prince Louis Philippe. Years later, when Louis Philippe became King of France, he remembered the kindness, sent the paintings to the bishop for Bardstown's new cathedral.

Bardstown could place no exact value on the stolen paintings, could not even prove that they were the authentic masterpieces that local tradition holds them to be. But they had been a treasured part of St. Joseph's, and last week the parishioners prayed for their return. When there was no word, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. James H. Willett, St. Joseph's pastor, sent an open message to the thieves: "We are praying that you will realize that you have stolen from the house of God, and if you will only return the paintings, we will pray that you will be forgiven."

Collecting in Wyoming

A happier town last week was Rock Springs (pop. 11,500), Wyo. No casual visitor would ever catalogue it as an art center. Union Pacific streamliners rumble through its heart, the streets are lined with 26 busy bars, and the town's big preoccupations are railroads and coal. But Rock Springs owns one of the liveliest collections of contemporary American art in the Rockies—some 275 paintings, lithographs and etchings by such artists as Frederic Taubes, Aaron Bohrod and Grandma Moses. And Rock Springs is busy collecting more.

Most of the credit goes to Rock Springs' children and to a high-school teacher named Elmer Halseth. In 1939, Halseth begged part of a touring exhibit to show to his classes. The youngsters



Rehn Galleries

SENSE & SENTIMENT Most people who try to be sophisticated about contemporary art underrate Charles Burchfield. At 59, he continues to go his own way, ignoring the fact that fields and trees, snow and moonlight, are too "literary" and "sentimental" for this souped-up age. But Burchfield is no wing-collar conservative. He never merely copies nature, nor manufactures feeling. His pictures reflect what he sees (in upstate New York where he lives, or as he travels about), and they project what he feels. A big, mild-mannered man with the

look of a small-town banker, Burchfield paints in a style all his own. His watercolors are literary only to the extent that they make sense to anyone with half an eye, and sentimental only because they reveal a good deal of feeling.

This week the first Burchfield show in two years opened in Manhattan. One of the best of eleven new pictures on exhibition was *Winter Moonlight* (above), which Burchfield conceived in 1917 and reworked in 1951. To Manhattanites, who sometimes mistake the moon for a penthouse window and snow for a nuisance, it was a frosty breath of forgotten truth.

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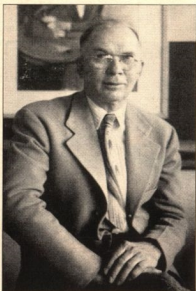
The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Photography—Leslie Gill
Dress Design—Rappi



agreed with Halseth that the high school should own one of the paintings. They collected \$50 in nickels and dimes for *Shack Alley* by Chicago's Henrietta Wood.

Each succeeding class has added to the collection. When scrap iron was scarce during the war, students rounded up 300 tons of the stuff. With the proceeds, Rock Springs bought paintings by Manhattan's Raphael Soyer, New Jersey's James Chapin and Connecticut's Ernest Fiene; with a bit left over, Halseth started a fund to buy Grandma Moses' \$400 oil, *Stamton, Virginia*. The kids put on dances, stage shows, waste-paper campaigns, badgered their parents for contributions. People as far away as Manhattan heard about Rock Springs' art craze, wrote advice on what to buy, sometimes even donated paintings. Once, Hal-



Charles Champlin

TEACHER HALSETH

Get a horse? Get a Picasso!

seth read that Thomas J. Watson, board chairman of International Business Machines, had commissioned some paintings. "I got out my *Who's Who* and looked up Watson's address and asked him for one," says Halseth. Businessman Watson obliged with a *Still Life* by Francis Chapin.

Last week Teacher Halseth and his youngsters had their sights set higher than ever: they wanted an honest-to-goodness French master, a Renoir or possibly a Picasso. To help raise the money, Rock Springs went to a carnival at the high school, watched a water show, played bingo and had its fortune told. The party netted \$1,000. With \$400 already in the kitty, Halseth and Rock Springs now expect to go shopping. Says Halseth: "People here used to say 'get a photograph' the way they said 'get a horse,' when cars came out. They couldn't understand spending money for pictures. But now the paintings are there, and the kids can look at them and realize there's another world, outside Rock Springs."



Today it's only Half a Loaf

YESTERDAY'S dime bought a loaf of bread; today it buys you only half a loaf.

Yesterday's dollars that paid for a house and furniture, linens, silver, today have barely half as much buy in them. And the limits of fire insurance you bought to protect your investment in house and furnishings at yesterday's values are only half-protection today.

Half a loaf, to be sure, is better than none; and so is half enough insurance. But buying less fire insurance than today's values demand is false economy.

With building and furnishing costs soaring, chances are that if you haven't increased your insurance limits apace, a fire would find you tragically under-insured. Why not have your local agent help you determine your requirements—today?



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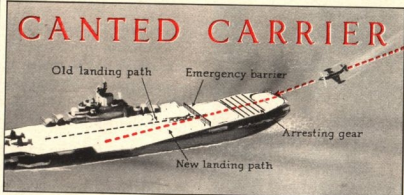
Before the end of World War II, seaplanes had become the stepchildren of naval aviation. Here & there a fleet of lumbering PBVs and Martins still put out on patrol, and a few floatplanes were catapulted from cruisers. But the Navy was turning almost exclusively to landplanes when the jet age caught up with naval aviation. Then seaplanes seemed to show promise again, and the waterways that cover more than half the world once more looked like useful airfields.

This week in Manhattan, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air John F. Floberg explained how aeronautical engineers have dug into the back drawer files and dusted off some old ideas, to start a

stay on the surface until he is close to beach or landing ramp.

Hydro-ski aircraft, said Floberg, would be handy in many situations for which the U.S. now has no practical plane. They could be based in the protected water of forward areas before airfields are built. In some cases they might do away entirely with the necessity of building an expensive runway on land. They could also be used to protect long-range bombers, landing at sea to refuel from submarines or high-speed surface craft.

Still full of faith in its carriers, the Navy announced that the U.S.S. *Antietam* was in Brooklyn's Naval Shipyard for a million-dollar face-lifting. When the workmen have finished, the rear deck of the



Time Diagram by J. Donovan

new trend in naval aircraft. Today's high speeds, said the Secretary, mean that planes must be stronger than ever to stand the strain. The size and weight of a seaplane hull is hardly more of a drawback than the bulky landing gear of a big bomber. Jet engines have cut down the need to raise old-fashioned seaplane propellers high out of the spray. And the hydro-ski, a beefed-up version of the sportsman's water-ski, has given the seaplane the biggest boost of all.

Mounted on a strut below a conventional seaplane hull, the short hydro-ski knives to the surface and supports the plane's weight even at low speeds. Skimming along like a fast-moving aquaplane, it permits the plane to take off after a relatively short run. In landings, the hydro-ski takes up the first shock, lowers the hull gently to the water, and, as an added advantage, allows the plane to operate in rough seas.

In other experiments, the hydro-ski has been mounted beneath the fuselage of a sleek new fighter with no flotation gear at all. In take-offs, the fighter moves out from shallow water, its ski sliding along the bottom. As soon as it picks up speed and the ski cuts to the surface, the plane can skim over deep water for its take-off run. Once in the air, the hydro-ski can be retracted. After touching down, the pilot has to taxi fast enough for his plane to

Antietam will angle to port so that landing aircraft will no longer head directly toward planes parked at the bow (see diagram).

Arresting gear—wire cables snagged by a long hook dangling from a plane's tail—will be mounted across the landing flight path, as usual. But the new, angled deck* will not need the wire barrier that once cut across the *Antietam* to keep a bad landing from becoming a disaster. Without that barrier, planes that missed the arresting gear were almost certain to damage others on the deck. Now, a pilot who overshoots the mark will have a chance to go around again. He can drag low across the landing area without crashing into the wings of parked planes, folded skyward to save space. On the new deck, a nylon net will be raised to stop planes that come in with damaged landing hooks.

Telescope on the Stomach

An astronomer's telescope would seem oddly out of place in a doctor's office. But at the University of Chicago, Dr. Paul C. Hodges, has turned a Schmidt-type telescope into a highly efficient camera for making X-ray pictures of the human abdomen. The simplified system of

* The U.S. Navy calls it a "canted" deck; the British, with a greater respect for the language, call it an "angled" deck.



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lenses and concave mirror that can photograph the dimmest starlight is being used for quick, sharp snapshots of a faint, fluorescent screen.

Doctors can now look forward to routine abdominal X rays—perhaps as useful to preventive medicine as production-line chest X rays have been in the fight against TB. In the past, X-ray study of the intestines has been an expensive and time-consuming process. Where one chest X ray is usually enough, an examination of the stomach may need as many as six exposures. But the dense, intestine-packed abdominal cavity requires so much radiation for its shadow pictures that six slow exposures in succession may be dangerous for the patient.

Dr. Hodges' astronomical X-ray camera is mounted beneath a regulation X-ray table. Radiation passes through patient and table to strike a fluorescent screen that changes X rays into visible light. Below the fluorescent screen, light is gathered by lenses and concave mirror to be focused on 70-mm. film. The camera can take six exposures in a second.

Like most roentgenologists, Dr. Hodges looks forward to the day when fluorescent screens themselves will be improved. Brightened up by television techniques, they may permit the use of ordinary cameras rather than the bulky astronomer's telescope. But whatever other improvements are made in abdominal X-ray cameras, the patient will still face the unpleasant task of downing a barium highball before he poses for a picture.

Life Begins

"Life is not a miracle," says Nobel Prizewinning Chemist Harold C. Urey. "It is a natural phenomenon, and can be expected to appear whenever there is a planet whose conditions duplicate those of the earth."

Such planets cannot be rare, said Urey last week in a lecture at the New York Academy of Medicine. According to a star census taken by Astronomer Gerald P. Kuiper of the University of Chicago, there are 100 billion stars in the Milky Way galaxy, and one star in each thousand is believed to have planets circling around it. So there must be 100 million "solar systems" in the earth's galaxy alone.

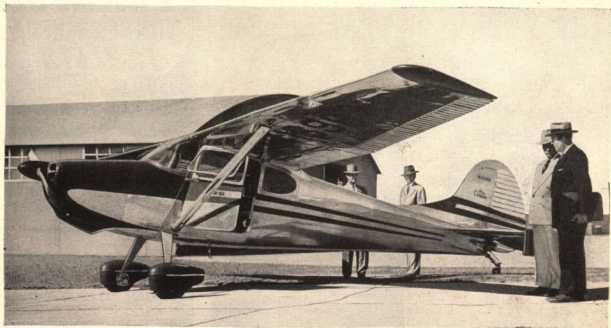
Not all these planets are suitable for life. Some are too hot; others are too cold, or otherwise inhospitable. But Scientist Urey believes that many are seedbeds for the sprouting of life.

The atmosphere of a pre-life planet, Urey believes, is not like the earth's. It is highly "reducing": i.e., it contains large amounts of methane, ammonia, water vapor and similar compounds, but no free oxygen. The atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn are believed to be like this. As millions of years pass, the sun's light causes chemical reactions among the atmospheric gases. Larger molecules begin to form (e.g., aldehydes, amines, organic acids), and they rain down into the oceans below. There they react with one another and with dissolved salts. All possible chemical compounds are formed eventu-

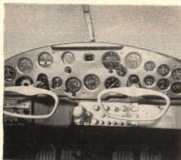
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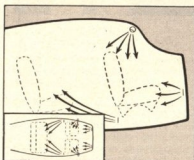
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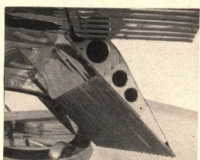
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ally, and the ocean becomes a rich solution of them.

After a billion or so years of such pre-life evolution, theorizes Urey, the blind forces of chemical attraction accidentally create a single molecule which has the ability to absorb other molecules and create a replica of itself.

This molecule is alive, for the great test of life is ability to reproduce. It has no living enemies. Swiftly it multiplies, feeding on the nutritious chemicals in the ancient sea. Soon the water is populated with hungry molecules, which differentiate swiftly into many types.

At last one of them learns to extract energy from the sunlight, releasing oxygen into the air and absorbing carbon compounds. When these living forms—the first plants—have multiplied for a few million years, they create the oxygen-rich



CHEMIST UREY
Blind force and accident.

Jay B. Leviton

atmosphere that the earth now knows. Then oxygen-breathing plant-eaters evolve to devour the plants, and the full stream of evolution is under way.

Dr. Urey has no tangible proof of this theory. But he is hopeful of two investigations now in progress. One, conducted by one of his students at the University of Chicago, is to expose a synthetic reducing atmosphere of methane, ammonia and water vapor to ultraviolet rays. If organic compounds are formed, it will be proof that they could be formed in the atmosphere of a pre-life planet.

The other proof is being sought by studying Titan (one of the satellites of Saturn), which is somewhat bigger than the moon. Titan is too cold for life as the earth knows it, but it has an atmosphere containing much methane. Chemist Urey hopes to find that sunlight is slowly making organic compounds out of this simple gas. If Titan were warmer and bigger, the process might already have clothed it with oxygen—and life.

IF YOU
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REMEMBER—

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
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All of us over-indulge at times. Wouldn't be human if we didn't. But too much rich food or taking an extra drink often means acid indigestion with its upset stomach or heartburn. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets quickly neutralize the excess acid, settle an upset stomach—get you to feeling your old self again in record time. And Phillips' Tablets are as pleasant to take as after dinner mints. Handy pocket tins of 30 tablets only 25¢.



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TIME, NOVEMBER 24, 1952



Simply wonderful—wonderfully simple!
Your whole family will be thrilled
with an Ekotape Recorder for Christmas

This year, spread Christmas over 365 days! Head your list with the perfect "all-family" gift—a Webster Ekotape Recorder. With it, you'll preserve and relive intimate get-togethers... add high-fidelity sound to your home movies... make school and music lessons more helpful, more interesting to the children... capture *permanently* the beautiful music of your favorite radio programs! In many ways, you'll find that Ekotape brings and keeps your family closer together, all year 'round.

Ekotape is the finest-built, most dependable portable recording-reproducing unit you can buy for the home—as well as for churches, schools, business and industry. Its *unique central speed-and-direction control* makes Ekotape undeniably the

easiest of all tape recorders to operate.

The latest Ekotape models have newly restyled, extremely durable cases in an attractive color scheme; also provision for use of our new remote control foot-switch and continuous tape magazine (both available as accessories). With Ekotape, you get up to one hour uninterrupted recording—a total of two hours on a 1200-foot reel.

An honored name in the electrical, mechanical and electronic fields, Webster Electric has developed many products for military and civilian use... is endlessly searching for ways to make Ekotape—and the products mentioned at the right—of even greater service and utility. The name Webster Electric on *any* product means quality... dependability... superior performance.



Mail coupon for new Ekotape booklet, "Forever Yours"

Webster Electric Co., Racine, Wis. ... Established 1909



WEBSTER ELECTRIC

RACINE ♦ WISCONSIN

"Where Quality is a Responsibility and Fair Dealing an Obligation"



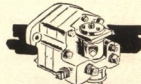
In more than two million homes heated with oil, more dependable heat is enjoyed year in and year out because the oil burners are equipped with Webster Electric Fuel-units and Transformers—"the heart of an oil-heating system."



Has the tone quality of your record-player deteriorated? Perhaps the pick-up cartridge has grown "tired." If so, the full beauty and richness of the original tone can be restored by replacing the old cartridge with a new Featheride Pickup Cartridge—another Webster Electric product.



Teletalk—aristocrat of intercommunication systems—provides instant two-way conversation between individuals and departments: Just flip a key and talk! Saves time, waste motion, energy. Used by large and small businesses, industries, warehouses, institutions, government agencies.



Hydraulic Pumps—Webster Electric manufactures a variety of gear-type hydraulic pumps of advanced design, suitable to a wide range of industrial and agricultural applications in the field of servo- and power-hydraulics; also, small pumps for circulating lubricating oil under hydraulic pressure.

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Defense Bonds!

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 Please send me information on items checked below.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> "Forever Yours" | <input type="checkbox"/> Fuel Units & Transformers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Featheride | <input type="checkbox"/> Hydraulic Pumps |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pick-up Cartridges | |

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*Until you put up a
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over new or existing construction.



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Movable Asbestos Walls—Terraflex and Asphalt Tile Floors—Asbestos Corrugated
Transite[®]—Flexstone[®] Built-Up Roofs—Etc.

MILESTONES

Born. To Ruth Roman, 28, brunette cinemactress (*Champion*, *The Window*) and Mortimer Hall, 28, Los Angeles radio station manager and son of Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the *New York Post*; their first child; a son; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Richard. Weight: 6 lbs.

Married. Joan Fontaine, 35, cinemactress (*Rebecca*, *Ivanhoe*); and Collier Young, 44, Hollywood producer; both for the third time (her first: Actor Brian Aherne; his second: Cinemactress Ida Lupino); after a slapstick beginning (he lost the license, she lost her trousseau, both missed their honeymoon plane); in Saratoga, Calif.

Married. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, 46, only daughter of F.D.R.; and Dr. James A. Halsted, 47, assistant professor at the University of California's medical school; she for the third time, he for the second; in a ceremony witnessed by Eleanor Roosevelt and brothers James and Elliott; in Malibu, Calif.

Remarried. Virginia Bruce, 42, one-time Ziegfeld Follies girl and cinemactress (*Yellow Jack*, *Escapade*); and Ali Ipar, 31, Turkish film producer. Married first in 1946, they were divorced in 1951 when he began his compulsory Turkish army service, because Turkish law forbids commissions to men married to foreigners; in Istanbul.

Died. Margaret Wise Brown, 42, bestselling author of children's books (more than 60 in 15 years) under various pen names (Golden MacDonald, Timothy Hay); of complications following an appendectomy; in Nice, France. Author Brown did much of her work in a deserted old house on the Maine coast, liked the challenge of writing for five-year-olds because she thought they were at the height of their sensory awareness.

Died. Abraham Howard Feller, 47, New York-born general counsel to the United Nations; in a leap from the window of his twelfth-floor apartment; in Manhattan (see INTERNATIONAL).

Died. Charles Marie Photius Maurras, 84, firebrand editor of the royalist, anti-Semitic *L'Action Française* newspaper, philosophical writer (*The Three Aspects of President Wilson*, *The Future of Intelligence*) and venomous opponent of the French Republic ("the whore") and democracy ("the mother of anarchy"); in Tours, France. So violent were his pre-World War II attacks against his enemies-of-the-moment that he was excommunicated from the Catholic Church, served time in jail for "incitement to murder" and was deluged with libel suits. Convicted in 1945 of collaborating with the Nazis, he had served seven years of a life imprisonment sentence when he was released because of age and ailments.

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They show the way in modern crop-dusting methods
... and low truck running costs



CROP DUSTING by plane is but one example of the high degree of mechanization required in cranberry growing. The efficiency-minded Makepeace Company has introduced many new techniques which it shares with neighboring Cape Cod growers.

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Only 3¼¢ a mile"

says Russell Makepeace, Wareham, Mass.

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Availability of equipment, accessories and trim as illustrated is dependent on material supply conditions.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

REAL ESTATE

Past the Peak?

The sun shone warm in Miami last week as real-estate men convened for the 45th annual convention of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. Nevertheless, there was a slight chill in the air; the real-estate men felt that the big building boom had passed its peak, though they still looked for plenty of business. Construction statistics had not started to decline; housing starts this year were still running ahead of 1951. But from the tales the realtors swapped, the sales of new houses across the country were softer than at any time since the war. Good houses still sold well, although buyers asked more questions, demanded more concessions. Depending on the region, realtors told of sales lagging 5% to 15% behind last year.

New houses under \$12,500 were still going like hotcakes. But those in the \$12,500-to-\$20,000 bracket were getting harder to move, and above \$20,000 there were more houses than buyers. Old houses carried "For Sale" signs for months.

Empty Stores. In an upper-level Cleveland suburb, 28 new houses completed last spring still stood vacant at \$38,000, although the builder had sold others by trimming prices. In Detroit, housing permits this year were 40% fewer than last year, and Portland, Ore. Realtor Charles Paine reported that his home market was "just marking time." Sacramento, Calif. and southeastern Florida, where buyers were snapping up medium-priced homes as fast as they were built, were exceptions.

In secondary business districts, empty stores were no longer rarities. Some of them had been vacant for six months. Where only a year ago businessmen fought for locations, now they were no longer willing to pay the high rents asked. Complained a Minneapolis real-estate salesman: "Shopping centers are running out of our ears."

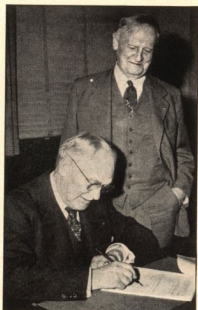
Busy Farms. One big exception was the price of farm land; it was still rising, though more slowly than a year ago. Already, values were 24% higher than before Korea. Most of the buyers were city folk, looking for a place to farm week-ends and to erect a hedge against further inflation. Many of the sellers were estates or farmers overwhelmed by a lush offer far in excess of their property's value as a working enterprise. The one exception: big ranches in the Western grasslands, where steer prices have dipped about 7¢ a pound, now bring 20% less than a year ago. Farm real estate men like Don W. Reed of Painesville, Ohio thought farm prices would continue upward in 1953, but at a slower rate.

A big cause of the housing slowdown was the shortage of money for FHA and veterans' mortgages. Though other interest rates have moved up, the FHA and VA still will only insure mortgages at



Ruth and Hansoldt Davis
KLIM CUSTOMER
For Mama, advice.

4½ and 4%, rates now too low to attract much bank money. The realtors were all in favor of FHA and veteran loan guarantees, but they thought that interest rates should be set on a flexible, regional basis rather than one rate across the nation. Said Atlanta Realtor Henry H. Robinson: if VA interest rates were allowed to rise, "Expect a terrific boom in G.I. home construction."



Everett Roseborough
CHARLES BURTON & ROBERT WOOD
For Canadians, price cuts.

ADVERTISING

A Bongo for the Congo

In the Belgian Congo last week, the most popular record was a song called *Klim Abikisi Mwana*. In their beehive huts, natives played it on their ancient, hand-cranked phonographs, clapping their hands gleefully to its calypso-like rhythm. Although the average Bantu laborer makes only about 50¢ a day, the record was so popular that some 15,000 had already been sold at \$1.10 each.

Nobody was happier at the song's success than George M. McCoy, executive vice president of Borden Food Products Co., makers of Klim, a powdered whole milk. On a visit to Leopoldville two years ago, McCoy noticed that, after the bicycle, the phonograph was the natives' dearest possession. He got the owner of a local record company to help him write some lyrics in Lingala, the vernacular understood up & down the Congo River, set them to a jungle rhythm and had records made. The song:

*The child is going to die
Because its mother's breast has given out.*

*Mama, O Mama, the child cries!
Mama, O Mama, the child cries!
If you want your child to get well,
Give it Klim milk.*

Natives are not only buying Klim milk for their children, but many have started drinking it themselves. Result: sales are up about 85% in the Congo.

RETAIL TRADE

Northward Ho!

In all his aggressive postwar expansion, Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s Chairman Robert Elkington Wood has come a cropper only once. He successfully poured \$305 million into new and improved stores throughout the U.S., spent another \$25 million to establish Sears as Latin America's biggest retailer. But when he tried to crack the Canadian market in 1946, General Wood soon had to back out because of customs and currency restrictions. Last week, undaunted, Bob Wood bet \$24 million that he could make good in Canada.

After nearly a year of negotiations, he signed a deal with Charles Luther Burton, chairman of 80-year-old Simpsons, Ltd., Canada's No. 2 retailer. Sears and Simpsons will each put up \$24 million to form a new retail and mail-order company, to be known as Simpsons-Sears, Ltd. The new firm will draw an equal number of directors from both organizations (including Wood himself); its president will be Edgar G. Burton, 49, son of Simpsons' chairman.

Give & Take. Under the deal, the new company will buy Simpsons' \$100 million annual mail-order business outright, then supplement it with a string of Sears-like retail stores to be run by a Searsmans ex-



An ounce of proof is worth a pound of claims!

For a permanent installation, such as a new water supply system, or extensions to an existing system, experienced engineers rarely take chances on a substitute for cast iron pipe. They know that 96% of all cast iron pipe, 6-inch and larger, laid in 25 representative cities over the past 130 years, is still in service. On the other hand, it is a fact that more than a few communities have had to replace water distribution systems, constructed with substitute pipe, long before the bonds issued against them were paid for.

The long life and low maintenance cost of cast iron water mains—and the consequent tax savings to the public—are matters of record. An ounce of

proof is worth a pound of claims! Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director, 122 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 3, Illinois.



One of a number of cast iron water mains which have been in service in New York City for more than a century. Over 35 other cities have century-old cast iron mains in service.

CAST IRON

CAST IRON PIPE

America's No. 1 Tax Saver

©1952, Cast Iron Pipe Research Association

ported to Canada. The company will start with 15 such outlets in the next five years, hopes eventually to have 40 (excluding Simpsons' five existing department stores in Canada's biggest cities).

Sears and Simpsons both stand to profit handsomely. In addition to getting a firm foothold on the Canadian market with the help of a well-known Dominion name, Sears will cash in on Canada's lower tax rates (52% maximum v. 69% in the U.S.). For its part, Simpsons will benefit from Sears's vast retailing and merchandising experience, which has developed such cost-cutting methods as bulk buying and close cooperation with manufacturers (TIME, Feb. 25). The two partners dovetail in another way: Simpsons' mail-order business has always run two to one in favor of clothing, draperies and other soft goods, while at Sears the ratio has been reversed in favor of major appliances and other "big ticket" items. Simpsons-Sears's first catalogue, due in January, will take note of this by including an extra 40 pages devoted to such Sears specialties as sporting goods and housewares.

Helping Hand. The one who stands to gain the most from the new partnership is the Canadian consumer, who for years has had to pay high prices for such things as refrigerators and washing machines assembled from U.S. parts in Canada. Last week Edgar Burton cited one example of how he hopes to bring prices down. A Sears washing machine, he said, priced at \$249 in the U.S., costs \$439 when assembled in Canada. By arranging to have the machine mass-produced in Canada for Simpsons-Sears, Burton hopes to cut the price below \$300. Apparently, Burton will have some help along these lines. Already some of Sears's U.S. suppliers are talking of establishing Canadian branches to supply the new company with completed products, just as they now supply Sears in the U.S.

SHOW BUSINESS

Blowup at RKO

With another swish of the revolving door, RKO last week lost its two remaining top officers and was left with a board of directors of only two members. Just three weeks ago, Chairman Arnold Grant forced the resignations of President Ralph Stolkin and one director who had been in & out of trouble for their punchboard and other activities (TIME, Oct. 27) before they bought control of RKO from Howard Hughes. Last week Chairman Grant, who had been hired at \$2,000 a week by the new owners to run the company, turned in his resignation. Out with him went his cousin, Executive Vice President Arnold Picker.

The latest blowup followed a directors' meeting which Grant had called to fill RKO board vacancies. Grant had two nominees, who he thought would restore some confidence in the company: Lionel Corp.'s President Lawrence Cowen and Robert Butler, a St. Paul construction engineer and former U.S. Ambassador to Australia and Cuba. But when Grant

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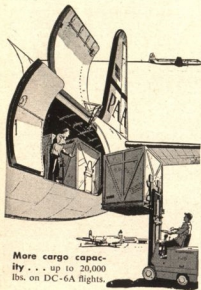
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Leader in overseas air cargo—

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WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE
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C-119 CARGO DROP IN KOREA
One company can make it for five times as much.

Carl Mydans—Life

named his men, Directors Sherrill Corwin and Edward Burke Jr., both members of the Stoklin group, turned thumbs down. When they failed to name any substitutes of their own, Grant resigned. Said he: "My hands are manacled."

It was only the beginning of a busy day for RKO. In New York three small stockholders filed suit demanding that a temporary receiver be appointed for the company "to prevent it from becoming insolvent." Almost simultaneously, they filed another suit against Howard Hughes, asking an accounting of "his stewardship [and] all damages caused by his mismanagement, neglect and reckless disregard of his duties" when he was boss of the big moviemaker.

Looking anxiously around for a way out of their troubles, RKO's owners were canvassing the field in search of someone willing to take the company off their hands. They got some encouragement. Matthew Fox, who made a fortune in movies before he got into such varied fields as toys (Bub-O-Loon) and international trade (TIME, July 19, 1948), was trying to make a deal. At week's end, Atlas Corp.'s President Floyd Odlum, who sold RKO to Howard Hughes in the first place, also got into the act. He said he was looking into RKO to see whether he might buy the company back again.

Meanwhile, RKO's stock, which was at $\frac{1}{4}$ only two months ago when the Stoklin group took control, was down to $\frac{3}{4}$. In Hollywood, at least, there was some activity on the RKO lot. Though the studio had no executive producer, it was starting production of *Split Second*, a melodrama, the first to get under way in seven months.

AVIATION

More Trouble for K-F

Kaiser-Frazer, which has had its troubles selling autos, faced trouble of a different sort. New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges charged last week that K-F's biggest defense contract, which has

kept the company going for the past few months, is costing taxpayers at least \$150 million too much. K-F said Bridges, is building 159 Fairchild C-119 cargo planes for the Air Force at a cost of \$1,200,000 apiece, whereas the same planes made by Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corp. cost only \$360,000. The Senator, who will head either the Armed Services or Appropriations Committee in the new Congress, demanded an all-out, full-dress investigation of this "almost incredible disparity."

K-F landed the C-119 contract soon after the Chinese Reds moved into Korea two years ago. Fairchild had developed the plane, and said it had plenty of idle capacity to turn out more. But at the time, the Air Force was looking for a second source of supply for critical equipment. It wanted Willow Run, but the only way it could get it—and thus prevent the Army from snatching it for tank production—was to take K-F in the package. There was another reason for giving K-F a contract: the RFC had just sunk another \$25 million in the company, and was anxious for a war contract to bail out the loan.

Since then, K-F's production record has been something less than impressive. To date, it has delivered only eleven C-119s, and all of them have been assembled by K-F from parts supplied by Fairchild. Not until K-F has delivered another 30 planes will it be making C-119s entirely from its own parts. When the arms stretch-out was ordered last year, 41 planes were lopped off K-F's contract and switched to Fairchild's order books. In short, it looked last week as if Fairchild could have handled the entire C-119 order with ease and at much lower cost. Fairchild may well complete its contract while K-F is still making the plane Fairchild developed. But the Air Force still stubbornly insists it was right. It said that K-F is getting valuable experience for another defense job: the building of the C-123 Chase cargo plane, the C-119's successor, which was devel-

oped by Chase Aircraft before it was bought by K-F.

When the Bridges charges hit the papers last week, K-F's President Edgar Kaiser placed ads in ten cities saying that Bridges had "found it impossible to keep any of several appointments" made to discuss K-F's side of the case. Kaiser denied the "inference . . . that the Willow Run operation is inefficient," and demanded a chance to prove it in a congressional investigation.

But it was clear that the quintuple fumbles on the C-119 had kept K-F afloat. Last week Kaiser reported that K-F was in the black for the first time in four years, with a third-quarter net of \$344,064. All the profit was due to defense work, chiefly the C-119 contract; K-F's auto operations lost \$175,094 in the quarter. In the first nine months of 1952, said Kaiser, the company lost \$8,700,000 on \$98 million in auto sales, whereas on \$17 million more in defense work it netted \$3,000,000. If K-F lost its C-119 contract and didn't get other war work, it might have trouble keeping going.

AUTOS

The New Plymouth

On display this week went Plymouth's 1953 models—all new, including most price tags. Of the nine body styles, ranging from \$1,535 to \$2,120, four had price cuts ranging from \$38 to \$78; the rest were virtually unchanged. And every model in Plymouth's sleeker, lower line had marked improvements over 1952.

For more body room, Plymouth moved the engine two inches forward and shifted the steering-wheel housing. Trunk space was increased 30%, glass area 16%, and horsepower pushed up to 100 v. 97 in the old models. One of the simplest changes—yet one of the best—was made in the two-door models. In them, the front seat is divided not in the center, but at a point one-third from the right door. The new seat permits rear-seat passengers to get in & out without squashing their front-seat companions up against the dashboard in front.

MANAGEMENT

The Montgomery Hour

When stockholders filed into R. H. Macy & Co.'s annual meeting in Manhattan last week, they spotted a new, but familiar face on the board: Actor Robert Montgomery, who was elected to Macy's board last September. In no time at all, Bob Montgomery found himself playing a big scene in which he was cast as the villain. What, demanded heckling stockholders, was he doing there anyway?

Replied Montgomery: "I've been in the business and professional field for 30 years. Whatever my talents are, they are at Macy's service." To which a lady replied dryly from the floor: "Thank you, Mr. Montgomery. I see you still have the gift of gab." Then, Lewis D. Gilbert, who owns stock in 600-odd corporations, in-

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GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

All-Round Coverage. Du Pont Co. announced it will soon build a plant to produce Mylar, a new Cellophane-like film which it claims is two to eight times stronger than other films and unaffected by wide-range temperature changes. Mylar will be chiefly used as an electrical insulator, in packaging, and as a magnetic recording tape. Price: \$3 a lb. v. 55¢ for Cellophane.

Better Bird Dog. Cessna Aircraft Co. flight-tested a two-passenger plane powered by Boeing's small turboprop engine, the world's first turboprop light plane. A piston-powered model of the plane, the "Bird Dog" has been widely used in Korea on observation missions. The turboprop version, which has a cruise rating of 175 h.p., is lighter than earlier models, and has somewhat longer range and can operate on all grades and ranges of fuel, a big advantage in combat zones.

Plaster Paneling. Fondly eying the amateur home fixers, U.S. Gypsum Co. showed off its new sheetrock gypsum wall-board, which it hopes will replace plywood for many uses. The board is fire-resistant, sound-dampening, and can be easily glued to old plaster walls or any other smooth surface. Panels are 16 in. wide and 8 to 10 ft. long, come in plain, knotty pine and striated finishes, and they can easily be cut with a penknife. Price: 6¢ to 16¢ a sq. ft.

Cooler Tool. For tooling tough alloys, Britain's Impregnated Diamond Products Ltd. began sale of Sparatron, a device which uses an electrical charge instead of diamond-edged tools to machine metals to tolerances as close as one-twenty-five-millionth of an inch. Sparatron generates no heat (which may make the conventional cutting tool inaccurate) and has no cutting edge to get dull. Price: about \$2,730.

Slim & Slick. Manhattan's L. E. Waterman Co. began marketing a ball-point pen with a retractable sapphire tip. Slimmer than a conventional pen, it weighs less than an ounce. Waterman claims that the polished sapphire point is "the smoothest writing instrument ever developed." Price: \$6.

Baby Brain. In Manhattan, Curta Calculator Co. demonstrated a pocket-size calculator, made in Liechtenstein, which looks like a small, black pepper mill, and grinds out answers in much the same way. It can perform some standard calculating operations faster than many electric machines, and unlike most will calculate square roots almost instantaneously. Price: \$131.75.

Midget Recorder. A portable wire recorder, weighing slightly more than 2 lbs. and no bigger than a shaving kit, was put on the market by West Germany's Monske & Co. for businessmen or reporters who want to dictate while on the move. The Minifon is equipped with a small microphone, two dry-cell batteries, enough wire spools for 2½ hours of recording. Price: \$162.

This announcement appears for purposes of record.

\$76,750,000

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November 13, 1952

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November 13, 1952.

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CINEMA

The Wholesome Year

The Hollywood product during 1952 showed a marked upswing in "wholesome and moral qualities." This news was reported last week by the Most Rev. Michael J. Ready, chairman of the Bishops' Committee on Motion Pictures, to a Washington gathering of Catholic bishops (see RELIGION).

Of 370 films reviewed by the Legion of Decency, said Bishop Ready, 164 were A-1 (morally unobjectionable for general patronage); 141 were A-2 (morally unobjectionable for adults); 64 were B (morally objectionable in part). Only one, a documentary called *Latuko* (picturing naked Africans) was C (condemned).

Honor Night

The 20% federal amusement tax on movie tickets has been a burden to exhibitors ever since it was instituted as a wartime measure (10% in 1917, 20% in 1944). It became a bigger pain in the box office when television caught on. Last month Loris Gillespie, a theater owner in Okanogan, Wash. (pop. 2,000), decided to fight back. He advertised "Honor, or Donation Night," invited patrons to pay what they pleased to a girl in the lobby, instead of paying the box-office rate.

At the close of business, Gillespie discovered that he was doing all right. The average adult had contributed 27¢ (compared to 55¢, including tax), the average child 6¢ (against 15¢)—and it was all tax-free. And a bigger take than usual came from Owner Gillespie's popcorn, candy and soft-drink counters. Thus inspired, Gillespie has since played periodical Honor Nights to capacity houses.

Last week another cinema palace joined the movement against "stifling taxation." Lee J. Hofheimer and Albert L. Sugarman, owners of the Little Theater in Columbus, Ohio, held a "Free Night": donations were tossed into a fishbowl in the lobby. Result: a good income, a rise in candy and popcorn sales, a full house.

Neither theater has suffered official admonition from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, but both have heard rumblings. One BIR official merely announced: "[Gillespie] can go ahead as long as he operates within the law." Meanwhile, Honor Night may become the biggest box-office boon since dishes and Bingo.

The New Pictures

Plymouth Adventure (M-G-M). Historians are hazy as to exactly what happened aboard the *Mayflower* between the time it set sail from Plymouth, England on Sept. 16, 1620, and the time it landed 66 days later at Provincetown, Mass. M-G-M, attempting to fill in the historical gap, has drawn on what studio publicists call new, revealing research, as well as on Ernest Gæbler's imaginative 1950 novel and on some pure invention by Screenwriter Helen Deutsch. The resulting movie pictures the Atlantic cross-

ing of the Pilgrim Fathers as a combination of storms above deck and stormy passions below deck.

According to the picture, the Pilgrims were not all austere Separatists from the Church of England seeking religious freedom in the new world; many were lusty men & women who wore colorful costumes and drank heartily of beer and whisky. Hardhearted Captain Christopher Jones (Spencer Tracy) despised the Pilgrims as hypocrites and fools until he was mellowed by beautiful Dorothy Bradford (Gene Tierney), wife of the colony's second governor, William Bradford (Leo Genn). It was Mrs. Bradford's unrequited love for the skipper, according to Screen-



SPENCER TRACY & GENE TIERNEY
Why did Mrs. Bradford jump?

writer Deutsch, that caused her to throw herself overboard.

The passenger list also included handsome young Cooper John Alden (Van Johnson) and baby-faced Priscilla Mullins (Dawn Addams). As for Captain Myles Standish (Noel Drayton), the picture portrays him as a happily married man who never courted Priscilla at all. With a shortage of food and water, but not of romance, the *Mayflower* finally makes Provincetown.

Producer Dore Schary hoped that *Plymouth Adventure* would "humanize" the Pilgrims, but they never emerge on the screen as flesh-and-blood characters. The picture has a spectacular Atlantic storm, but most of the time the Pilgrims—and the audience—are merely awash in a sea of florid dialogue.

The Iron Mistress (Warner) is a dull-eyed western about Frontiersman James Bowie (Alan Ladd) and his famous knife. According to this Technicolor biography, the Bowie knife—i.e., the iron mis-

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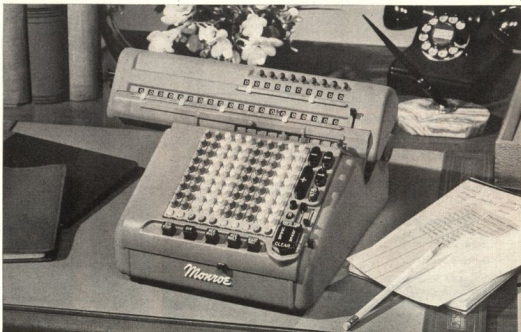
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locate in New Orleans?

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"The area within a considerable radius of New Orleans is heavily agricultural and will, therefore, provide a market for a large portion of the agricultural materials to be produced by The Barton Plant. The farmers of the region recognize the economic necessity of renewing the nitrogen content in their soils for the growing of greater and more profitable southern crops and have for some years been using the products made by Lion's Chemical Division at El Dorado, Arkansas."

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tress—was forged out of steel into which was fused the fragment of a meteor ("For better or worse, the knife has a bit of heaven in it—or a bit of hell," says one of the characters). So miraculously keen and deadly is this weapon that with it Bowie can kill off any number of his enemies—when he is not demolishing them, that is, with pistols, sword or fists.

Between bouts, Bowie is pictured as a gay blade with the girls. He dallies with scheming Creole Belle Virginia Mayo. But in the end he spurns her with an admonition ("No woman is worth the lives of eight men"), and goes off with beautiful,

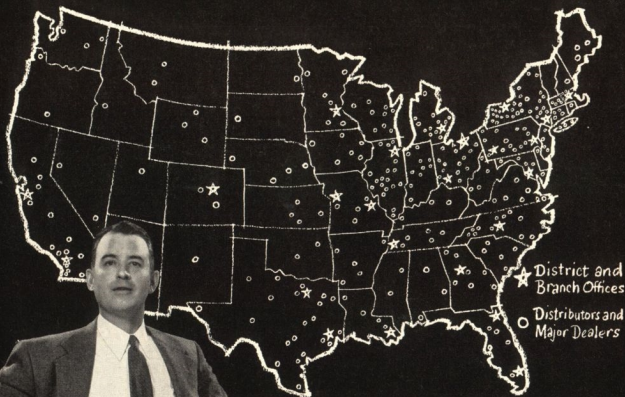


VIRGINIA MAYO & ALAN LADD
Something for the bird fanciers.

gentle Phyllis Kirk, daughter of the vice-governor of Texas. Bird fanciers may be interested to note that the picture depicts noted Ornithologist James Audubon (George Voskovec) as one of Bowie's conversational sparring partners.

Montana Belle (RKO Radio) casts Jane Russell as the infamous lady bandit Belle Starr, "who can ride and shoot like a man." When men are not falling dead in front of Belle's six-shooters, they are swooning at her feet. She is pursued by Outlaw Bob Dalton (Scott Brady), a lesser outlaw named Mac (Forrest Tucker) and a suave professional gambler (George Brent). Belle so inflames these various characters that they get to uttering such phrases to each other as: "No man takes a woman away from me and lives." During all this, Belle, dressed in tight black spangles, manages to find time to sing such songs as *The Gilded Lily* and *My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon*.

The climax finds Belle and her gang holding up the Oklahoma territorial bank. All the bad men are shot full of holes and



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Belle lies wounded in Brent's arms, secure in the knowledge that he will be waiting for her after she serves her jail sentence. Helping to make this horse opera practically indistinguishable from its numerous predecessors is the presence in the cast of gravel-voiced Andy Devine as a bearded itinerant trader.

The Brave Don't Cry (Group Three; Mayer-Kingsley) is a fairly maudlin title for a lean, unsparing movie about a Scottish mine disaster. Produced by oldtime Documentary-Maker John Grierson, the picture is based on a real-life disaster in the Knockshinnoch Castle Colliery in 1950. It tells of a mine cave-in and the rescue of 118 miners trapped for two days in West No. 4 section between the fire-damp and a flooded pit shaft.

The simple story is told without heroics or false sentiment. It is mostly a movie of waiting and of silences at the pithead and in the pit as the rescuers work their way toward the trapped men. "There's nothing to do but wait," says one miner's wife stoically. Except for an occasional Scottish song, the picture has no musical score—only the constant sounds of ticking clocks, dripping water and heavy breathing.

In its worthy effort to avoid trumped-up melodrama, *The Brave Don't Cry* sometimes seems barren of drama as well. Though it does not dig into its theme as deeply as the German *Kameradschaft* (1931) and the British *The Stars Look Down* (1939), it mines its particular dramatic vein, i.e., the ennobling dignity of man's courage, with honesty and fidelity.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Breaking Through the Sound Barrier. A soaring British film picturing the stresses & strains, mechanical as well as human, of supersonic flight; with Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd (TIME, Nov. 10).

The Promoter. A sprightly, British-made spoof, with Alec Guinness playing a droll fellow who gets ahead in the world through sheer brass (TIME, Oct. 27).

Flowers of St. Francis. Several episodes from the life of Francis of Assisi woven into a rich cinematic garland by Roberto Rossellini (TIME, Oct. 6).

The Crimson Pirate. Buccaneer Burt Lancaster and his cutthroat crew roam the Mediterranean in a merry travesty on pirate movies (TIME, Sept. 15).

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine (TIME, Aug. 4).

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a world of their own (TIME, July 21).

High Noon. A topnotch western, with Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal facing four desperadoes single-handed (TIME, July 14).

Carrie. Polished movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as star-crossed lovers (TIME, June 30).

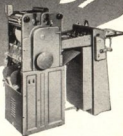
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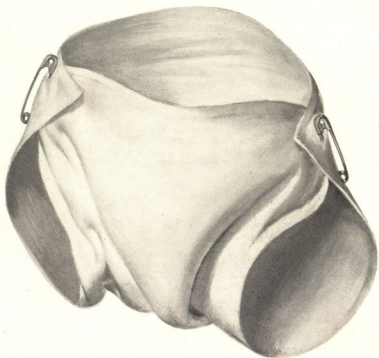


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BOOKS

Untouchables

THE MASK OF A LION (305 pp.)—A.T.W. Simeons—Knopf (\$3.50).

Life was good for Govind, the little Hindu tailor. His shop, "The Handsome Gent's Tailoring Mart," buzzed with the profitable whirl of a double row of sewing machines. His workmen were fond of him. He had a lovely, loving wife, two healthy babies and a third on the way. Good Hindu that he was, he tried to be a good man, gave alms to fakirs and lepers, never ate meat, and hoped for his soul's betterment in a new reincarnation.

Then one day, working on a customer's coat, Govind was horrified to discover that he had sewed his fingertip to the cloth and didn't even feel it. Another day he smelled burning flesh, saw his own toes pressed against a flatiron, yet felt no pain. When the doctors cleared up the mystery, Govind had to swap his tradesman's heaven-on-earth for what he was sure would be leper's hell.

In *The Mask of a Lion*, Author A.T.W. Simeons shows that the life of a leper is not always as hellish as Govind had supposed. Simeons is a London-born, Heidelberg-trained doctor who spent about 20 years in India. Now a consultant at Rome's International Hospital, he has written a novel that makes amateurish fiction but has the fascination of its grisly material. If the book is read simply as a knowing, colorful report on the lepers' way of life, its inadequacies as a novel can be comfortably ignored.

Govind, of course, became a social outcast. Like most lepers in India he joined a traveling gang of his fellows, moved about the country begging and stealing. After the first shock wore off, he began to

like the life. At times his hand all but starved, but there were other times when the begging was good and the lepers had tremendous feasts. Author Simeon is at his best describing this weird life in which sudden death, plague and all sorts of violence are regarded as quite normal. He knows his leprosiariums, too, and can make it clear why even intelligent lepers often prefer beggars' freedom to the routine of hospitals. Govind finally reaches an asylum where lepers live as a community, raising all they need and living normal lives. He is cured and returns to his family. But what matters in *The Mask of a Lion* is not the happy ending; it is the sympathy and shrewdness with which Author Simeons introduces his unusual characters.

Old Crustacean

FLEET ADMIRAL KING (674 pp.)—Ernest J. King and Walter M. Whitehill—Norton (\$6.75).

As the dust was settling over the ruin at Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt decided that the U.S. Fleet needed a new commander. He chose a man who was tall, straight as the spruce spar of an old ship-of-the-line, and as hard as the chrome-steel armor around his own battleships. His name was Ernest Joseph King. Nobody has ever offered a better explanation for his selection than King himself gave when he arrived in Washington to take over: "When they get into trouble, they send for the sons of bitches."

For four years, less two days (which he still begrudges), King commanded "the fleet"—which actually grew into a dozen fleets, the mightiest assemblage of sea power, afloat and on the wing, that the world has ever seen.^{*} No service commander had more to do with the winning of World War II. None showed keener strategic vision, or made fewer spectacular mistakes. None is so little known, and for that, King himself is mostly to blame. Now 74, weakened by a stroke five years ago, he is anxious to find his niche in history, and so has collaborated with Walter M. Whitehill, librarian of Boston's Athenaeum, in what is accurately called "a naval record."

Tout & Happy? In this deadweight volume, the character and personality of King show through only accidentally, like a guilty glimmer of light from a ship darkened for war. Most of the book is obviously a lightly edited version of King's own autobiographical notes (they should have been edited drastically), though King refers to himself aloofly in the third person. The effect is like the royal "we." Only in an epilogue and incidental notes does Collaborator Whitehill manage to

^{*} Today, though more than one-third of its 4,000 ships are in mothballs and in reserve, the U.S. Navy still ranks first. According to the new edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, it is "the largest peacetime fleet ever maintained by any country and is as large as all the other navies of the world put together."



ADMIRAL KING
From adamant to obsidian.

chip off the dapple paint and reveal the metal beneath.

Whether by design or not, King reveals himself in his choice of heroes. Heading his list of the world's great naval commanders is John Jervis, Lord St. Vincent, whom Mahan, in heartfelt admiration, could only call "a man of adamant." In these pages, King is exposed as a man of obsidian, consciously modeling himself on Jervis. He was flattered when friends said he was so tough that he must have with a blowtorch, and gave him a four-foot crowbar to use as a toothpick.

Much of the toughness was picked up from his Scottish immigrant father, James Clydesdale King, who was as dour and granitic as the foggy vale for which he was named. He drove hard bargains with his son, and forced him to keep them. Ever since, Ernest King has driven hard bargains and resolutely kept his promises. Because he made it a point of honor to be fair to subordinates, Sundowner King cannot understand why they seldom warned to him. Neither can he understand why a taut ship is not automatically a happy ship.

"So What, Old Top?" The amazing thing is that this "formidable old crustacean," as John Gunther dubbed him, survived the war in Washington. King started by disliking General George Marshall, his opposite number in the Army, though he later found much to admire in him. He bucked Secretary Frank Knox. He distrusted and openly fought Secretary Forrestal. He was proud to find himself a minority of one at an allied conference—"King contra mundum."

King was irritated by what he considered the President's dilettante interest in the Navy, and refused to yield to Roosevelt's blandishments. With retirement age in mind, he wrote F.D.R. in 1942: "I should bring to your notice the fact that the record shows that I shall attain the age of 64 years on November 23rd." The



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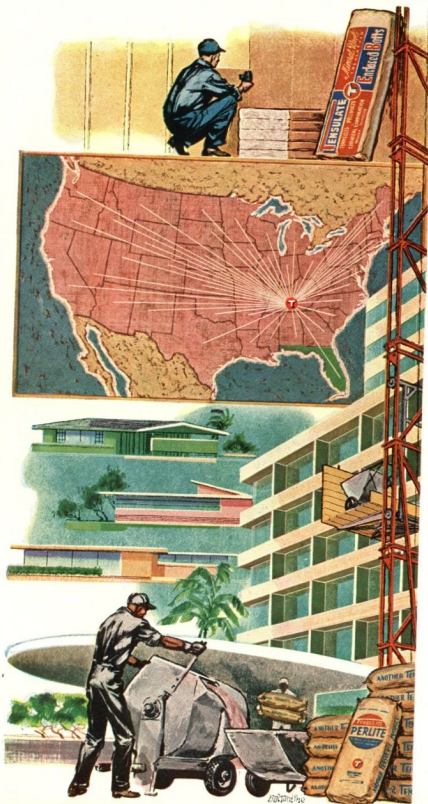
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scrawled notation he got back shivered his steely timbers: "So what, old top? I may even send you a birthday present!—F.D.R."

A year later, crossing the Atlantic in the battleship *Iowa* on the way to Teheran, King and the President were nearly blown up when a destroyer accidentally loosed a live torpedo. "King wished to relieve the commanding officer of the destroyer at once," writes King, "but, to his great amazement, the President told him to forget it. Consequently, no steps were taken." In King's report of Roosevelt's death, there is no word of sorrow or compassion. He complains: "There was such a press of mourners that the Joint Chiefs could not even see the grave."

For Navy buffs, refighting old battles, there are a few glimpses into King's once-secret mental files:

¶ King thought that Admiral Spruance was absolutely right in refusing to be drawn away from Saipan in the Battle of the Philippine Sea, even if (though King does not say this) the decision reduced the scope of his victory.

¶ King held Admirals Halsey and Kincaid both at fault in the Battle for Leyte Gulf—Halsey for letting himself be drawn off base by a Japanese decoy force, Kincaid for not making dawn air searches.

Ernie King was human, after all. He could not bring himself to take blame for things that went wrong (like the wholesale sinking of allied ships off the East Coast early in 1942). He was a typical tourist, delighting in side trips to the antiquities of Egypt and Jerusalem, and flights over Bagdad and Damascus, even in the darkest days of war. And he had the G.I.'s souvenir-hunting spirit: at Teheran, he tried to "liberate" one of Stalin's desk-pad doodles, and was miffed when a Briton beat him to it.

But *Fleet Admiral King*, like its subject, is heavy weather nearly all the way.

Came the Revolution

THE REVOLT OF AMERICAN WOMEN (224 pp.)—Oliver Jensen—Harcourt, Brace (\$6).

In the same year that Marx & Engels published their *Communist Manifesto* (1848), a group of women met in Seneca Falls, N.Y., pondered their discontents, and issued a manifesto of their own. "The history of mankind," it said, "is a history of repeated injuries . . . toward woman." The downtrodden of Seneca Falls resolved to turn woman's wrongs into Woman's Rights. Moreover, the same sort of female revolt was getting under way all over Christendom.

"Queen Victoria called it a 'mad, wicked folly,' and was not amused. But male observers, then and later, have been both amused and convinced. The latest, Oliver Jensen, lets the camera make his sharpest comment for him. His picture history, *The Revolt of American Women*, chronicles more than half a century of rapid change which carried the female of the U.S. species "from bloomers to Bikini—from feminism to Freud." In text and

CAN YOU SPOT THE 90¢ DIFFERENCE?

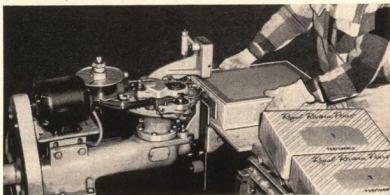


The two boxes are almost identical. One is tied with wire. The other shows how Bostitch field men can cut costs—the lid of the box is fastened to the bottom with just four wire staples.

By switching to Bostitch, this fruit packer was able to save 90¢ out of every dollar formerly spent for wire. And that's not all. The packer further reports that his boxes look better, stack better, travel better. His

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captions, Author Jensen shines up an old masculine brief to new brightness, i.e., that the fight for equality began as a war between the sexes and ended up as a civil war within modern woman's psyche.

Ironically, the granddaughter of the girl who stamped into a business office as her right, says Author Jensen, is often stranded behind a typewriter out of necessity. While winning elbowroom at the men's bar, she has lost her seat in the subway. Where the advance-guard girl once fought to get into college and out of corsets, she now fights to stay out of the divorce courts and off the analyst's couch. But most of Author Jensen's photos go back to the days when the U.S. woman



Allice Austen, Staten Island Historical Society
EMANCIPATED CYCLIST (1896)
How many became fallen women?

was just trying on her "new freedom" as she might try on a new hat.

In one shot from the 1880s, three bustled and beskirted ladies skip rope, flashing a daring inch of petticoat. In another decade, bicycling was the craze, as Author Jensen illustrates, though the Boston Women's Rescue League warned that 30% of all fallen women had at some time been bicycle riders. After a "long night in armor," a 1910 gym picture shows a heavy of union-suited beauties straining at push-ups, pulleys and punching bags. In another 1910 photograph, Julia Ward Howe, at the age of 91, is being wheeled to a suffrage drive to recite her *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. Behind her stands Socialite Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who once bucked up a despairing suffragette with some super-feminism: "Call on God, my dear. She will help you."® Quicker than the eyes of the

® A quotation which Adlai Stevenson used for a laugh in a campaign speech.

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women who lived through it, the camera catches the maid, the chaperone and the iceman going, the flapper, the fox trot and the facial cocktail coming.

Author Jensen ends his picture parade in the middle of a counter-revolution with Psychiatrist Marynia Farnham calling women "the lost sex," Philip Wylie calling "mom" a "jerk," and another critic jabbing at modern women who "regard their husbands not as mates, or men, or even mice, but as mats." But even if modern woman heeds her modern critics and beats a retreat for home, warns Author Jensen, she will never again make it her only beat.

Rich Man, Poor Man

GOLDEN GOAT (63 pp.)—Raymond L. Bruckberger (translated by Virgilia Peterson)—Pantheon (\$2).

Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God—St. Luke 6:20.

With these words from the Gospels as his text, a Dominican priest has re-worked one of the great Christian parables. Being a Frenchman and something of a man of action too (he fought in the Resistance—TIME, Aug. 11), Father Raymond L. Bruckberger tells his tale with a Gallic verve that makes his theme contemporary as well as timeless. The parable of the Golden Goat:

Once upon a time there was a poor man. He was not meek in spirit, but lazy, mean, vituperative and usually drunk. He stood all day long, a beggar, by the church in a little French town, and when anyone gave him alms, he was apt to curse and spit and swipe at them with his stick for thanks. Everybody despised him, and he despised everybody.

Now it happened that there lived in the same town a rich man. He was compassionate and tireless (though tactful) in charitable works. Everybody loved him, and he loved everybody—even the unworthy poor man. He gave the beggar a cottage on the castle grounds, and said nothing when his guest swore, drank, tracked mud on the floor, spit on the rugs, ate like a hog and threw a glass of water in the butler's face. Everybody told the rich man that he was a fool to waste his time and money on such an ingrate—he was beyond help.

Yet all at once, to everybody's astonishment, the beggar became a model citizen. Though people could scarcely believe it possible, the reason seemed to be that he had found something outside himself to love: a small goat. He had found her in the hills one day. She licked his hand. He stroked her and looked into her clear dark eyes. He saw gold flames whirling in the depths. "My Golden One!" said the unworthy poor man. Although he was very poor, he bought black shoe polish to shine her little hoofs.

Sure that the goat loved him, the poor man let her visit the rich man whenever she liked. One winter day, the goat took sick. The poor man carried her to the rich man's house and let her stay there through the stormy night. The next day he waited for her to come home. He

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Leading architects and builders will tell you that your home may fast become obsolete unless indoor climate is completely controlled every day of the year.

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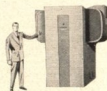
Contrast this with the ideal indoor climate you enjoy every day of the year with Servel All-Year Air Conditioning. In coldest weather this compact unit keeps you warm and snug by heating the air, adding needed moisture, cleaning and circulating the air throughout your home, and ventilating with outside air. In hottest weather this same unit keeps you cool and comfortable by cooling the air by refrigeration, removing excess moisture, cleaning and circulating the air, and ventilating.

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wanted her to come of her own free will, of her own free love. Being only a goat, she forgot to, and stayed at the rich man's house, while the poor man led a life of complete dejection, without even the spirit to pursue his vices.

One day, at long last, the little goat lay dying. All at once she remembered the poor man. Staggering up, she ran home to him and died in his arms. Brokenhearted, he prayed that she might go to heaven. She did. "It is somewhat unusual for animals to enter paradise," said the gatekeeper. "Still, we have a few exceptions . . ."

Many years later the worthy rich man and the unworthy poor man followed her there. "What did you do that was good?" the gatekeeper asked the unworthy poor man. "Not one thing," he replied sadly. "I was poor . . . And I loved a little goat." The gatekeeper said, "Come in!" With one foot in heaven, the poor man remembered the rich man toiling up the slopes of the sky, and asked the gatekeeper if he might not be admitted to paradise too. "I know perfectly well that the Rich Man is not worth a tinker's dam," he explained. "But I expect to enjoy seeing how a camel manages to pass through the eye of a needle."

At that moment, the rich man arrived. "I always despised injustice," he declared, "and I have the Grand Cross of the Order of Social Merit."

"Don't go on," said the gatekeeper. "You may come in. But let me tell you, you have confoundedly good luck, and that's an understatement . . . to have had a real Poor Man for a friend."

Father Bruckberger does not try to do much explaining of all this. Parables are parables.

RECENT & READABLE

The Last Resorts, by Cleveland Amory. An agreeably lighthearted historian applies a social stethoscope to Newport, Bar Harbor, Saratoga, Palm Beach, and other aging resorts of the rich (TIME, Nov. 17).


The Devil Rides Outside, by John H. Griffin. The turmoil of a young American torn between world and monastery; a first novel marked by crude energy and unashamed religious fervor (TIME, Nov. 3).

Men at Arms, by Evelyn Waugh. An increasingly serious satirist turns to World War II for a theme and a Christian gentleman for a hero; the first volume of a trilogy (TIME, Oct. 27).

Prisoner of Grace, by Joyce Cary. The story of Nina Nimmo and her lifetime bargain with two men; a new novel by one of the liveliest writers alive (TIME, Oct. 20).

The Devils of Loudun, by Aldous Huxley. A skillful account of the epidemic of devil-possession which beset the French town of Loudun in the 17th century, and of the rash priest who burned for it (TIME, Oct. 6).

The Old Man and the Sea. A masterfully written story about a Cuban fisherman, which may be just what Ernest Hemingway thinks it is: the best work he has ever done (TIME, Sept. 8).



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*Because this letter
from Charles Laughton
eloquently expresses
something you may
often have felt,
I thought you
might like
to read it.*

CHARLES LAUGHTON

September 14, 1952

Dear Mr. Linen,

You ask me about Christmas. I am not sure what place I will be this Christmas.

I remember my agent Paul Gregory telling me that I was to perform before a television camera, reading; I remember him also saying something about being in Jamaica, reading again; I am quite certain that sometime during the Christmas holidays I will find myself with a group of friends reading some more.

I am, at this moment of writing, up to my eyes preparing a performance of Stephen Vincent Benet's "John Brown's Body" with my good friends, Tyrone Power, Raymond Massey, and Judith Anderson, and I find myself rather shy trying to put into words my feelings about doing this work at this particular time.

As you remark in your letter, I seem to like reading aloud, and I like reading aloud most at Christmas-time, reading from Dickens particularly at Christmas-time, and inevitably the passages from the Bible about Christmas.

I am a new American citizen, two years new. And I guess I feel it necessary to express my gratitude for being accepted as one of you by helping to sow some of Benet's love of his native land in some of your hearts, and I hope that that will only be the beginning, for there is Mark Twain and Paul Bunyan and the Tall Timbers and James Thurber and Ohio and Parkman and Oregon, and Thomas Wolfe and the trains and the rivers and the cities of the North and the small places of North Carolina, and Walt Whitman and the electing of a president and many other American things to try and do.

Recently, as you know, I have had the privilege of touring around the country, assisting in the dissemination of some great ideas of one Bernard Shaw. I think this is something that I haven't told anyone before, but time and again, people from other countries would come backstage, mostly in New York City, and would express their astonishment at the intelligence and enthusiasm of the audiences for this so-called difficult stuff.

"Yes," I would say, "and you should hear them in North Dakota and South Dakota and North Carolina and South Carolina and the State of Maine, everywhere inclusive, to the State of California," and I would refer to my fellow actors, Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead and Cedric Hardwicke, and say, "Is that not so?" and they would all say, "That is so," and the people from other countries would go away with a very thoughtful expression indeed, for they knew that the audiences in their lands were not like that.

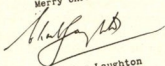
Now you ask me a question about TIME. You insist that you are reporters of the news, but are you not more than that?

In your pages you sow this American spirit of exhilaration and brightness and curiosity, for you know that you are writing for an exhilarating and bright and curious people. I am sure you have been told this by many other people.

I read TIME every week from cover to cover. I, of course, read about the theater and the movies and art and books, because I want to know what you say about things which I know something about, and I read all about politics for my information because that is something I know nothing about, and I read about science and religion and, yes, even sport, which is certainly not my subject, to keep a balanced diet.

Now, when I open the magazine and read about anything whatever, I know that you have certainly been into the subject and found out all about it inside out, upside down, back, front and sideways. That, Mr. Linen, is what I know about TIME.

Merry Christmas,



Charles Laughton

May I suggest
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MISCELLANY

Dead Reckoning. In El Paso, Attorney Harold Potash, asking the city council to pave a road past a cemetery, wrote: "I am certain the inhabitants of the cemetery would appreciate it."

The Quiet Man. In Melbourne, Australia, Evelyn Joyce Watkins was granted a divorce after testifying that her husband had not spoken a word to her in three years.

Sure Shot. In Hunstanton, England, Farmer Edward Walker took out an insurance policy to cover any property damage his two energetic and ingenious sons, aged three and six, may cause during the next 15 years.

The Stony Path. In San Antonio, while attending a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, a 65-year-old man slipped and broke his hip, was carted off to the hospital muttering: "If I'd been drunk this never would have happened."

Cool Heads. In Winchester, N.H., the candidates for town moderator included Forest Frost and Stanley Snow.

Disproved. In Rouen, France, Police-man René Colombb put his hand inside the lion's cage at the zoo to show his little daughter that the lion wasn't a "nasty" beast, got it clawed.

A Little Knowledge... In Green Bay, Wis., St. Norbert College Professor John Bartone reported that 350 "highly trained" cockroaches were missing from his car.

Extremity. In Jamestown, N.Y., when his teacher told 15-year-old Anthony Foti that only a broken leg would be an excuse for missing the next day's exam, he went out to play football, broke his leg.

Room Service. In Cleveland, looking for a warm place to sleep, Clayton Dailey tossed a brick through a store window, was plainly irritated with the police, when they arrived, for taking so long to haul him to jail.

Powers of Darkness. In Raleigh, N.C., just before two married couples went on trial for drunkenness and assaulting a cop, a friend of theirs went through the courtroom sprinkling yellowish "conjure powder" around the judge's chair and along the jury box, later rejoiced over a hung jury.

We, the People. In Waldwick, N.J., the borough council pondered the situation handed them when the electorate, on three referendums, voted: 1) to start a full-time marshal system, 2) to keep the old marshal system (one man on call for 24 hours), 3) to refuse the council's request for \$20,000 to pay for full-time marshal protection.

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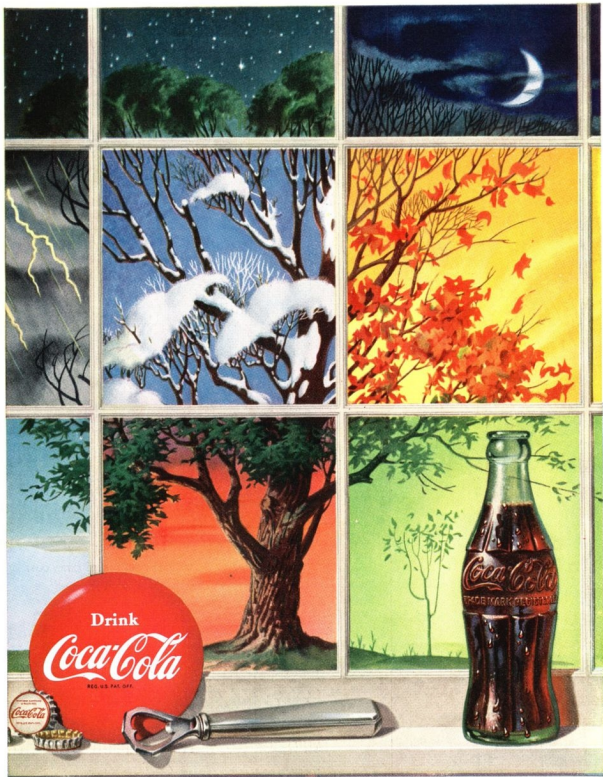
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